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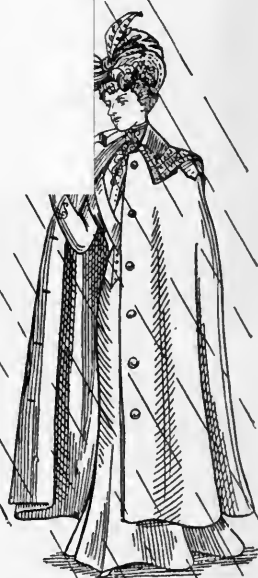
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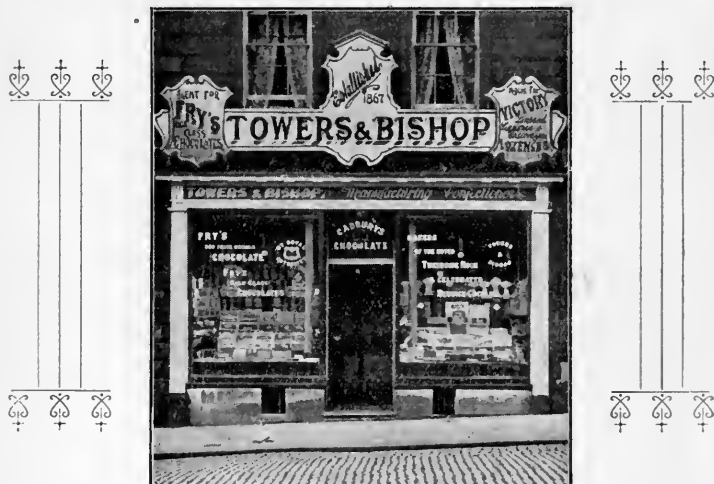
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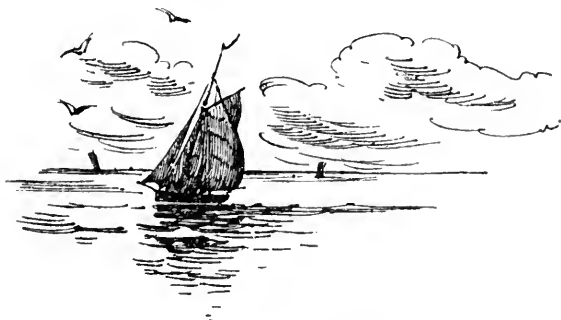
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THE LORD BISHOP

OF THE

DIOCESE

OF

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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It was in January, 1907, that I commenced to pen the initial pages of the little book on *Holy Island*, which the general public took up so responsively. In the following June, simultaneously with the inaugural opening of the golf course, the book was offered for sale.

Feeling confident that a dissemination of the entrancingly interesting history connected with this first northern home of Christianity is popular, I have endeavoured to add fresh matter and up-to-date items, as well as additional ecclesiastical history, which doubtless will be welcomed by the lovers of church architecture in general.

For this great kindness in revising the first edition, my best thanks are here given to the Right Rev. Bishop Mitchinson, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. I desire also to acknowledge the great help the Rev. Dr. Astley has rendered by his contribution of ecclesiastical history, to the many Holy Island friends who have readily contributed valuable items, the vicar (Rev. I. Crawshaw), who placed the Church Registers at my disposal, and the Editor of the *Shooting Times* for the loan of illustrations.

Neither can I omit the kindness of both Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., and Stanley Duncan, Esq., the President and Secretary of the Wildfowlers' Association respectively, whose notes will doubtless be read with great interest by many.

My sincere thanks are also given to the artist, Robert Spence, Esq., for his permission to use the copy of his famous picture "St. Cuthbert on the Farnes."

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To the general public I am vastly indebted for the sale of my feeble first attempt which was taken up so readily.

In conclusion I would ask my Island friends not to be too severe in their criticisms of this little book, which has been compiled with no other object in view than to furnish visitors, tourists, and others with a general survey of the points of interest in and around the Island ; historical dates, sensational episodes, heroic rescues, etc., which should be a means of making their rambles around the shore and over the Island the more enjoyable. What has been omitted one's own imagination can easily conjure up in such a romantic spot.

I would also ask the visitors as they wander o'er the sand-hills and inhale the life-giving breezes of rich ozone, or quietly sit and watch the ebb and flow of the tide on the shore or pebble beach, to think kindly of this little Island and its inhabitants, and to send up to the Heavenly Shrine a silent prayer that this little speck of land may, in the years to come, be blessed with peace and prosperity.

Yours faithfully,

W. HALLIDAY,

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HOLY ISLAND, BEAL, R.S.O.,

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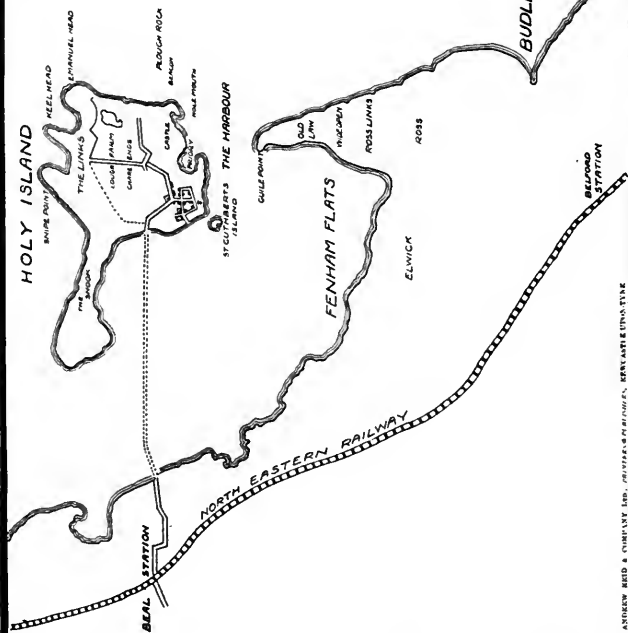
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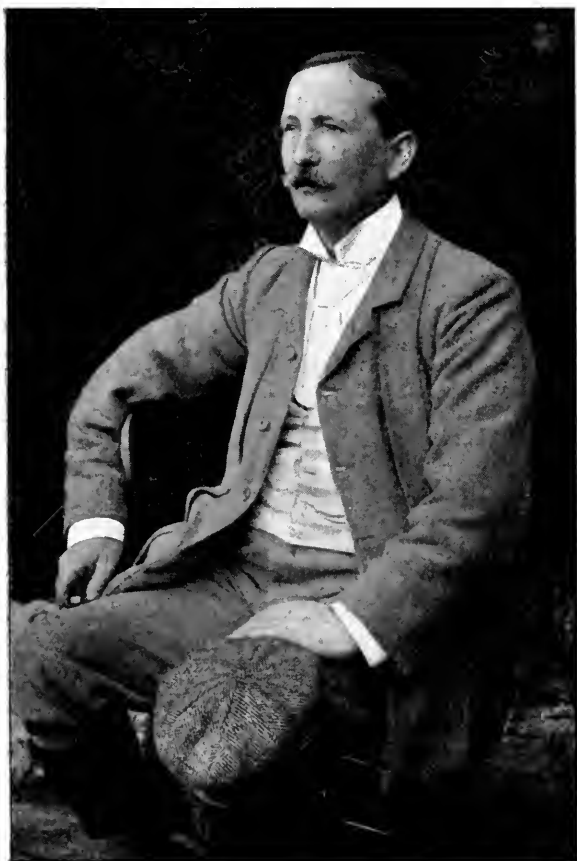
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# HOLY ISLAND.

(LINDISFARNE.)



## Its Position Geographically.

THE ISLAND is somewhat triangular, having its base seaward, and its apex towards the mainland, Goswick and Beal being about a couple of miles distant (both places having stations on the North Eastern Railway), from the apex, or three-and-a-half to four miles from the main street.

It is some 7 miles south of Berwick-on-Tweed and about equi-distant from Edinburgh on the north, and Newcastle on the south (60 miles approximately).

It lies just below the 55th parallel of latitude, and is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  degrees west longitude (seven minutes difference in time).

A journey of about 360 miles from London would land a tourist or other individual at Beal Station, in about seven hours, by a good train.

## Its Resources.

HOLY ISLAND is not a fashionable seaside resort, for it is off the beaten track, and its resources are somewhat limited ; but it has a great and unique charm of its own, and stray visitors, or " birds of passage " as they are sometimes called by frowning landladies, often are tempted to remain for a time, and return to the Island, year after year.

At high tide the Island is cut off from the mainland, except for boats, and the telephone (thanks to the exertions

of a former vicar in the matter of the telephone); but as the sea recedes, the sand is left bare and perfectly safe for walking or driving, except in one place, and that is only occasional, where the river Lindis, a fresh water stream, has worn a deep crevice for itself across the path.

The journey across can be performed in perfect safety by daylight, two or two-and-a-half hours before high water or the same after (three hours would be safer). Conveyances are sent to meet any train when ordered, either by letter or telephone, by the following persons:—

Mr. Robert Bell, Post Office;  
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Mr. Morton, Plough Hotel, Beal.

The post cart will land a person at Beal Station at 8 o'clock in the morning, or mid-day, for 1s. The general charge for a spring cart is 4s. either way. The postal arrangements are good. Delivery once a day, generally at 9'30 a.m., and collection of letters to suit the tide, but usually at 1 p.m.

### The Inhabitants.

THE present inhabitants are robust and self-reliant in character, with a fund of energy which comes well to their aid in the struggle for existence, as it did their ancestors, under different conditions. Like all Northumbrians they are kind-hearted and hospitable. If they are brusque in manner, they are also patriotic and interested in things national.

The people on the island are kind to a degree, and it is a pleasure to see their frank but tanned and weather-beaten faces. Their physique is very fine, capable of almost boundless endurance and fatigue—a race eminently fitted for this bleak and isolated region.

For boating, sailing, rowing, or fishing, the visitor is perfectly safe in their hands, and extortion is happily out of their vocabulary. They are no amateurs on the waters as many a record of wreck-disaster testifies, to their honour. They will be found ready at all times for a chat and can be “drawn” to tell of thrilling experiences of bye-gone days. But they are

not by any means ignorant. They avail themselves of the advantages of an excellent library and reading room—thanks indeed to the beneficence of the Crossman family (successive lords of the manor of Holy Island), which is to them a second home during the winter evenings, providing as it does a rich supply of daily news and recreation, in the shape of games,



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cards, draughts, and even chess, as well as bagatelle. There are at present over 50 members, who pay the small subscription of 1d. per week, and it is customary to pay it in a lump sum of 2s. 2d. every half-year (March and September), when there is a general meeting. At this same meeting a half-yearly sale of papers is made by auction.

Many of the visitors become members of the library on the same or equivalent terms, and use the reading room, aiding the institute with a deposit in the visitors' box.

There is a valuable endowment left by the Crossman family to enable the committee to carry it on with success.

Like all islanders they are proud of their sea-girt and historic home, and always speak of it as "The Island."

They are essentially a peaceable and law-abiding people, and the writer could give many instances of small favours and services having been promptly and heartily reciprocated. No kindness is overlooked by them.

There are other advantages which might be enumerated in residing on Holy Island; for instance, there is no need of elaborate dress, and the "tripper" has not spoiled either the place or people. All kinds of fish are caught here in season, and there is always a choice for visitors.

As for the natives, or residents, during the winter, fresh fish from the boats can be bought at the rate of 1s. 2d. per stone, and sometimes at 1s.

The shell-fish is also to be had cheaply.

Of the smaller kinds of shell-fish, mussels, limpets, winkles, cockles, etc., they can be picked almost anywhere, and are of excellent quality and size.

Haddocks, codlings, flat fish, etc., from September to January; crab and lobster onward to June and July; herring, July, August, and part of September.

Cultivation is carried forward in the interior of the Island, and the sand banks and hollows abound with rabbits.

These and the few head of game are strictly preserved by the lord of the manor, but rabbits may be purchased from the keeper in the season, or from the butchers.

The commissariat of the place is well looked after as the bi-weekly visits of Messrs. Gordon and Foreman from Lowick will testify, their supplies of Kyles beef and Cheviot mutton being invariably good and tender.

There is no scarcity of food on the Island.

There is also an interesting little industry which finds favour with a few of the female inhabitants, viz., that of basket making, variously and artistically adorned with shells and corraline substances found on the shores.



An octogenarian named Margaret Shell made a very pretty basket, which was duly presented to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales on July 2, 1908, at Holy Island.

These pretty products find a ready market amongst the more wealthy visitors, and they are most elaborately and at the same time neatly put together, and form a pleasing memento.

Every kind of seabird can be seen from the shores or by cruising about the Island, and some excellent sport is enjoyed by both the natives and those gentlemen from a distance, who come here regularly, winter after winter, for punt shooting among the brent geese, which, during some hard seasons, come in dense flocks.

### Its Climate.

THE different authorities (medical and otherwise), who from time to time have expressed an opinion, agree that the climate is very healthy, and strengthening, for people who are free from pulmonary diseases.

The class of cases likely to derive benefit from a stay on the Island will, said the late Dr. Ellis, include the following :—

Debility, especially that of the jaded brain of town dweller and worker; nervous debility, leading to hysteria and depression of spirits; spinal weakness and sleeplessness; scrofulous complaints, including enlarged glands, weak joints, and relaxation of the joint ligaments in children; ricketts and its consequences; enlarged and stiff joints left by rheumatism, and the slow debility following rheumatism and rheumatic fever. In some cases in which there is a loss of appetite, and a condition of the system to that produced by blood poisoning, from living in an impure and vitiated atmosphere, notably the sick-chamber, from prolonged nursing, and where, although there may be no wound, the blood is as certainly poisoned as if inoculation had taken place. In some of the pelvic diseases of women, in which sea-bathing, hot or cold, is indicated as a remedy; in short, in many cases in which the system is "out of sorts," without having any organic disease, the patient is relaxed, and requires a general bracing up, and consolidation of health before facing our prolonged and severe winter. I would not think the climate suitable for cases of asthma, or in which there was a tendency to bronchial irritation or congestion, or where congestion of the lungs had been a symptom, nor for consumptives. The place is adapted to restore the system where it has been poisoned by excess in, and prolonged abuse of, alcohol.

From the natural situation of the Island and its exposure to sea winds, the winter months and the early spring are not considered beneficial to persons of weakly constitution, but even those may derive great benefit from the life-giving breezes during the months of June to September. To the person constitutionally strong it matters little as to the time selected for a visit; he will inhale oxygen and ozone in such proportions as perhaps he has never done before *ad libitum*.

The bathing is excellent and safe, and the shores are perfect in that respect for barefooted children, who with spade and bucket can revolutionise the modern builder also *ad libitum*.

It is a recognised fact that the best season for visitors is from July to the end of October, though June is usually a fine month. Fogs are unknown, but at the end of the year a "sea fret," as the Scotch term it, usually comes in.

Holy Island may generally be said to be tranquil without being dull, and the interesting associations stimulate the mind and stir the memory, while its natural beauties and attractions are a real source of enjoyment and delight to the visitor. His mind is carried back for centuries instinctively when he looks upon the stupendous and magnificent ruin with its matchless rainbow arch, and then his thoughts conjure up, and his mind reverts to the time when the last relics will entirely disappear.

He hears the falling waves break upon the shore, and he sees the fleet of hardy island fishers disappear in the twilight.

There is perhaps not much to attract the ordinary tourist, who loves rather the crowd and gaiety of the fashionable, up-to-date watering place, but to the antiquary, lover of nature, and the artist more especially, there is a perfect mine of historic lore, and the ocean, in its ever changing moods and aspects, is most beautiful.

The water supply is good, the springs coming from both limestone and ironstone, and never failing. The death-rate is exceedingly low, rarely exceeding eight per thousand, and it is a fact that the people live to a good old age. Infectious disease is rare and rheumatism and similar troubles are rarely ever met with. A medical man can be summoned by telephone from Belford or adjacent places, and there is a trained nurse stationed on the island. Judge of the health of a place by the

children, and if they can attend school to the tune of 97 per cent. in all weathers, you may fairly call the place healthy beyond doubt. There is a clean and commodious station for the coastguards, where accommodation is provided for the men and their families, and the customary coastal duties are efficiently carried out in all weathers, and sometimes in winter under the most trying circumstances. Their general point of vantage for discovering signals of distress from vessels at sea, is the Heugh—the fishermen's look out, which is formed of basaltic rock, and in some parts reaches a height of 45 feet. After a length of some 500 yards the rock is submerged, and re-appears at the Castle, in a pretty direct line. Another shaft of this rock takes a different direction, almost due east, and is buoyed by the plough, the red buoy and the goldstone, which is the extreme end of the reef. It is iron-grey in colour, of a moderately fine texture, and occasionally shows specks of calcareous spar and pyrites.

There are unmistakable traces of much quarrying of stone in years long past and these traces may be seen by the "cores," and not far from the wrongly named Emmanuel Head.

There was formerly an important industry in lime, which was found here in vast quantities and flourished half a century ago, but this has by degrees dwindled away, and the huts formerly occupied by the workers, have now become almost buried in the sands.

It is computed that about one-fifth of the population are engaged in fishing, and these folk and their movements on the water form interesting studies. Even the fishing industry—sad to relate—is fast declining from many and evident causes, the chief no doubt being, the wholesale taking of fish by steam trawlers.

Chroniclers of more recent dates imply, rightly or otherwise, a lack of character and energy in the Island inhabitants as distinguished from the inhabitants of the Scottish villages.

Many of the houses, quaint in the extreme, show traces of Vandalism, the monastery having evidently been used as a convenient quarry, for some years, previous to the advent of that untiring antiquarian and geologist, the late Sir Wm. Crossman, K.C.M.G.

The plants found on the Heugh and Castle Rock are as follow :—

1. *Saxifraga Granulata* (meadow saxifrage).
2. *Vicia Lathyroides* (variety of vetch).
3. *Geranium Pusillum* (purple geranium).
4. *Poa Distans* (reed meadow grass).
5. *Aira Cristata* (crested hair grass).
6. *Allium Oleraceum* (cornfield garlic).
7. *Silene Maritima* (seaside catchfly).
8. *Statice Armeria* (sea gilliflower).
9. *Cardunus Marianus* (seaside thistle).
10. *Trifolium Scabrum* (rough clover).
11. *Trifolium Striatum* (soft-knotted clover).
12. *Pyretrum Maritimum* (sea fever few).
13. *Plantago Coronopus* (rib wort).
14. *Parmelia Olivacea* (a species of lichen).
15. *Parmelia Parella* (a species of lichen).

Those on St. Cuthbert's Island are :—

1. *Statice Limonium* (sea lavender).
2. *Parmelia Scopulorum* (sea rocket).
3. *Mertensia Maritima* (a rare plant with lovely sky blue blossom, used to grow on the island some forty or fifty years ago.—Bishop Mitchinson).

Those on the sea shore :—

1. *Plantago Maritima* (sea plantain).
2. *Salicornia Herbacea* (salt wort or sea grass).
3. *Aster Tripolium* (sea star wort).
4. *Banias Cakile* (sea arrow grass).
5. *Trylochin Maritimum* (scurvy grass).

It may truthfully be said that the Island has every necessity, not a few comforts, and some luxuries for the visitor and invalid.

The rocks and caves are very fine, and on the North shore there is a stretch of sands, firm and safe, for 3 miles, with a shelving beach, such as is seldom found on any coast in England, yet strange to say few of the visitors or tourists know the North shore or visit it.

The sea water there is quite pure, and one can take in there, in common with the whole coast, a life-giving amount of ozone, a super-charge, so to speak, approaching an ocean voyage, which seems to strengthen and nourish as inhaled.

The sunsets are magnificent, and artists find the place and its surroundings a wonderful colour-study. Only those who have had the good fortune to travel in the East and beheld the gorgeous display, when the great orb of day dips down into the sea, can fully appreciate the magnificent equinoctial displays as viewed on Holy Island and the adjoining coast at low water. During the month of September last, the sets were glorious to a degree, the golden orb dipping into the mainland, behind the spurs of the Cheviots in a complete halo of glory, the reflection being cast in the expanse of sea, 4 miles of which intervene between the Island and coast of Northumberland at high water. Again, on August 17th there was an unusual display, the sun spreading its charms of varied illumination in a most marvellous panorama, the sky presenting the appearance of a sea of purple and gold, aided by marine reflection.

The Farne Islands with the birds, Bamburgh with its castle and ruins, and Berwick-upon-Tweed and its antiquities, are all interesting places, easy of access from Holy Island.

### **Accommodation in Hotels and Private Houses.**

THE village on Holy Island is purely a summer resort, though sporting men come, on and off, nearly all the year round. In addition to the hotels several private houses have apartments to let. The chief attractions are sea-bathing, boating, wild fowl shooting, and fishing. Numerous pleasure boats are on hire to convey visitors to the Farne Islands, etc. The various hotels offer first class accommodation for visitors and provide good stabling. The hotels on the Island are:—The Castle Hotel, Thomas Kyle, proprietor; Northumberland Arms, George Wilson, proprietor; Crown and Anchor, J. Halloran, proprietor; Iron Rails, George Brigham, proprietor. Conveyances are kept at the hotels to meet trains at Beal Station, or passengers are carried to and fro by Mr. R. Bell, in the mail gig. A shooting punt can be hired from the landlord of the Northumberland Arms, and others (see Advt.).

## The Tide.

TRADITION says that on one occasion when the pilgrims were bringing home the bones of St. Cuthbert, to be laid to rest by the side of the high altar in the Priory Church, that, coming to the shore on what is now the Beal side, the more aged of the monks showed fear and dismay at the prospect of the task to be undertaken, for the water was at high tide, when suddenly as of old, a passage was made by invisible hands.

In later years it has been a common saying on the Island "The tide never stops people coming for service."

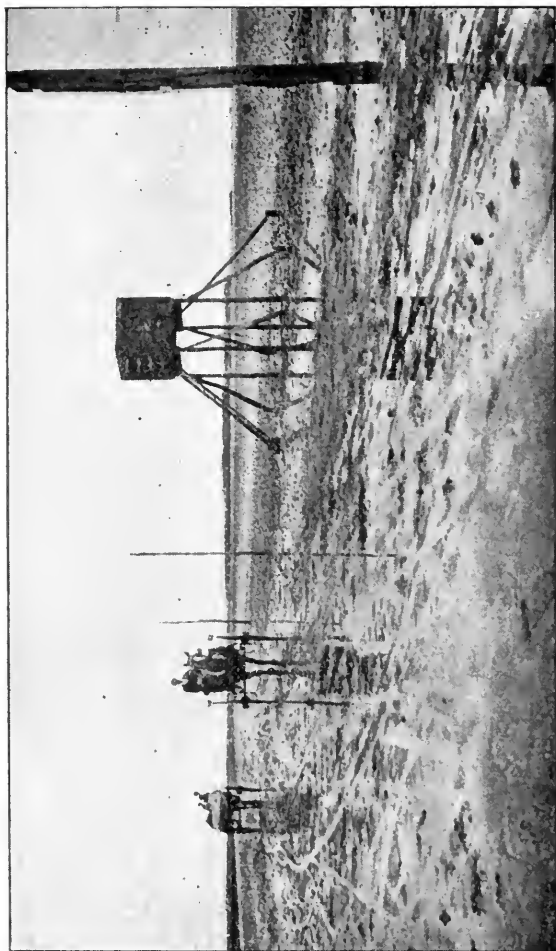
The explanation given to this saying is found in the fact that in the expanse of shore between Island and mainland there is a fortnightly spring-tide, and geographically and naturally things are so arranged in a maritime sense that in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, passage is always possible for service on the Lord's day.

It would be clearer to state that the spring-tides and neap-tides alternate, week by week, and nature, as in many other things, arranges the safe passage for worshippers. The custom of passage from the mainland to the Island for service has long died out, churches and chapels being now in every parish. In remote times this Island contained the only shrine from the Tees to the Forth.

Of late years it has been noticed that the sea is encroaching from the west, and leaving the shore on the east and north-east. At one time the sea washed over the ouse bank as it is now, and covered a patch of ground enclosed as a field near the Sanctuary Close, now beloved of all footballers.

## The Danger in Crossing the Sands.

VARIOUS writers state that the passage abounds in quicksands. This is entirely erroneous, and to the Islanders it is ridiculous. There are shifting or quicksands, but these are found quite out of the ordinary passage between the mainland and island. For instance, certain portions of the slake near Fenham may be termed quicksands, and they are met with again out of the ordinary course between Goswick and the



THE WAY OF THE PILGRIMS (3½ MILES FROM THE MAINLAND).

Island, but in the ordinary track the sand is perfectly safe, and hard, at all times.

It cannot be denied that lives have been lost in crossing, as the parish registers will testify. For instance:—

Jan. 8th, 1534, old John Stapleton drowned.

Nov. 5th, 1641, Samuel Waddell and his son, drowned in the low.

April 10th, 1644, David Smith, who was drowned in the low.

Jan. 13th, 1723, Thomas Wardle and James Wilson lost in the tide.

Feb. 6th, 1729, Henry White of Dunbar, lost in the tide.

July 28th, 1746, Rob. Brown, Clerk of Holy Island, drowned.

March 13th, 1763, a woman drowned.

Jan. 24th, 1796, Martha, wife of Robert Mort, a soldier, perished in the sands.

April 8th, 1801, William McMillan of Berwick, drowned in passing the sands.

Dec. 15th, 1802, Alexander Warrack of the "Lark" of Aberdeen, drowned in crossing the sands.

An ordinary unbiassed reader of the foregoing would at once conclude, that, through lack of judgment and ignorance of the tides, many have perished, and probably in remote times the track was not so plainly marked as now, thanks indeed to the care taken, and expense incurred, by successive lords of the manor.

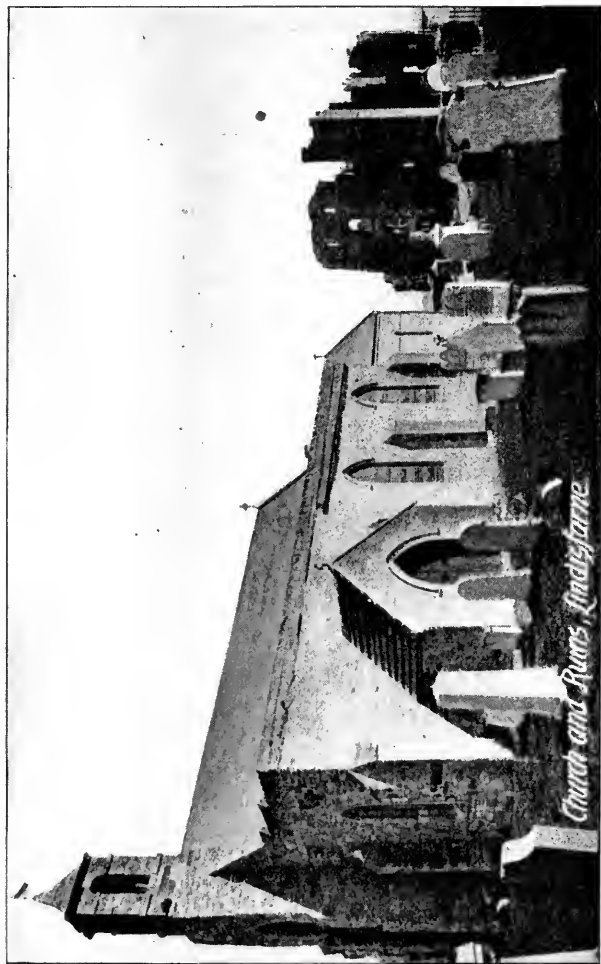
Some very amusing anecdotes can be drawn from the Islanders respecting one or two individual cases, in which climbing the poles have been resorted to as a last resource, and the rescued ones, found clinging for dear life, have been taken off, not by means of apparatus, but by vehicle.

There are some 270 poles on the main track and 100 towards the Snook End of the Island.

### The Parish Church.

THE Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin was built somewhere about the year 1140 A.D. It was in early times used by the few fisher families on the Island, and was resorted to by many of the better families on the mainland. There is very little of interest in the exterior, but one is charmed on entry into the sacred edifice. The massive Norman pillars





BUILT ABOUT 1140-42.

and symmetrical arches, circular in design, alternating with red and white stones, fix the eye of the connoisseur and lover of the antique.

The north aisle is the burial place of the Haggerstone family for several past generations, whose hatchments are suspended over the choir stalls, together with those of the Selby and Askew families.

This aisle is regularly used by the fishermen, on the Sabbath evenings, but rarely is a female seen in this particular place. There is reason to believe that this aisle had a side altar of its own originally.

The length of the nave is 58 feet, and the breadth, including north and south aisles, 53 feet. The chancel, now used by the choir of thirty voices, is 46 feet long and 17 feet broad. The altar pillars are of stone—excavated years ago—belonging to an old stone altar, the top being of wood and modern. On the South wall, within the altar rails, we find the remains of a piscina, with marks on the stone showing its position, and an aumbry near by. Similar aumbries are seen elsewhere in the building.

In 1860—date of restoration—a small marble slab was taken from the right side of the altar, and built into the wall near the chancel arch.

A visitor on entering the church will see the remains of the receptacle for holy water, carved out of the first pillar from the entrance door. During the restoration some clever (?) person had erased, as it were, the projecting portion of the holy water vessel. Opposite this pillar is a most interesting stone font, supposed to have been brought from Durham many years ago. This font has an indentation for holding water, but no channel or outlet for the water, but customarily it is made of porous stone after the manner of a modern filter.

The stained glass memorial windows are not many. Those over the altar were given by the Crossman family, and two others by Mr. Alexander Wilson, in memory of his wife Eliza, dated 1905. There are two others by Mr. Selby Gregson, and there is a low side window.

The altar piece gives the figures of St. Aidan, St. Wilfrid, St. Columba, St. Oswald, and Venerable Bede (historian), with St. Mary the Virgin and St. John (the beloved disciple) on



THE VICAR OF HOLY ISLAND--  
THE REVEREND I. CRAWSHAW, M.A.

either side of the Cross, the central figure being the "Crucified One." This gift was in memory of Sir Wm. Crossman, K.C.M.G., by his widow.

The Church Registers date back to the year 1575, and are most interesting, containing as they do the names of many of the oldest families in the county. The Communion plate bears a later (1579) date.

The lectern was, a few years ago, formed of pieces of the old oak, which was removed at the restoration of the building. Before the restoration referred to (1860) two steps led from the nave in to the chancel, so the visitor can easily assume that the ground floor of the old church and the main aisle, remain some thirty inches below the present level of the floor.

In the north wall of the chancel, near the altar rails, will be observed a curious sepulchral slab, having engraved on it a cross the head of which is supposed to represent a Bishop's mitre, which, together with the sword and shield, have led to the supposition that this stone formed the lid of a coffin, containing a bishop of the crusading period. This theory gains support when it is known that the stone was discovered forming the lid of a stone coffin, buried on the south side of the altar. The slab owes its present condition to a remarkable series of mineral lines or tracings, by which the figure of a man is clearly delineated. One explanation, though fantastical, may be true, is that the figure represents some special warrior, and was drawn in the blood of one of his victims, or possibly his own blood, by some admirer. Such a custom is not unknown, and it is said that certain stone, thus marked, carries indelible traces.

The porch is quite modern. It contained a sepulchral slab with a full figure representation of a person, but the brasses have disappeared. The old porch opened to the north. It did duty till about 1886, as a kind of mortuary, for the deposit of bodies washed ashore. It is now in use as a priest's and officers' vestry.

The tombstone of Sir William Reed (which is by the reading desk of the priest) of Fenham (1604) has inscribed on it *Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in hortis*—"against death's power there is no medicine or cure in the gardens."

In the south aisle a piscina and aumbry indicate the site

of the Chantry of St. Mary and Margaret (also traces of a screen and side altar).

The following inscription may be read on a slab of white marble in the north wall of the chancel:—

Here lyeth the Bodie of Ann Jones somtyme wife to Henry Jones Esquire which Ann died the 19 of Febrvarie 1625.

In obitum dilectissimæ matris Ann Jones—

Si quis forte rogat cujus tenet ossa sepulcrum,

Ipse tacens docui marmora dura loqui.

Si quæris proavos, generoso sanguine ducta est,

Si vitam, insignis regula justitiæ:

Si quæris mores, mulier nec amantior æqui,

Nec pietatis erat, nec probitatis erat.

Haec pro te tristis subscripsit carmina natus,

Quæ sunt officii signa suprema sui.

—Per me Petrum Jones.

The Latin may be thus rendered:—

On the death of my well-beloved mother Ann Jones,  
Whose bones this tomb doth hold, if you to know should seek,  
In silence I have told, the hard cold stone to speak;  
Her lineage, would you know, of gentle blood was she,  
Her life the type did show of high propriety;  
Her nature, if you ask, no woman loved so well  
To do her rightful task, and all things honourable.  
These lines her sorrowing son has written down for you.  
Affection thus has done the last thing it can do.

The population on the Island in 1851 is set down as 553.

It is quite evident that the Island, through the ages, has been much resorted to for burial, as in the parallel case of Iona.

In the very early days of the Church the privilege of burial at or near the shrine was greatly esteemed, by the richer families of Northumbria.

The great bulk of the present structure is of Early English, though there are yet remains of an earlier alteration of the original Norman fabric, built by the Monks on their division of their parish into five distinct chapelries, and this was apparently confirmed to them by Eusebius III. in 1145 for an arcade of Transitional columns is standing, which is clearly a portion of the north aisle, with which the original small edifice was enlarged. This alteration or enlargement was followed by more extensive ones in the Early English period.

The columns of the arcade of the south aisle have no visible bases, and there are no labels to the arches.

The church was put in good order in the restoration of 1860 at a considerable cost, with an eye too much, perhaps, to repair than to preservation of ancient features that already existed. The chancel arch evidently has been tampered with at some time or other. The bell was recast in 1745.

### Other Places of Worship.

ON Holy Island there is a small Roman Catholic Chapel adjoining Lindisfarne House, which is in the occupation—in the summer months—of Alderman Newton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who is the tenant of the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. The late Provost Consett formerly stayed on the Island for a time each year.

The Presbyterian Mission Church is well attended, and the building is compact and comfortable. It is a satellite of the Berwick Presbyterian Church, by whom it is controlled and ministers appointed.

These ministers are on probation, the emoluments being not such as to command a permanent resident minister.

### Pilgrimages.

THE Roman Catholic pilgrimage on August 11th, 1887, was a most impressive and stirring one. The procession of pilgrims numbered over 7,000, including over a hundred priests, the latter being robed, and with bare feet, they chanted and sang all along the route from the mainland.

One of the foremost originators of this huge pilgrimage was the saintly Canon Consett, who, sad to relate, died but a few days before the vast multitude visited the ruins of the former magnificent shrine. It was a most impressive sight, and will long be remembered by the inhabitants.

A recent writer, speaking of this pilgrimage, says:—

“A very striking and unusual spectacle was witnessed on Thursday, the 11th of August, 1887, when the Catholics of the North of England commemorated the 12th centenary of St. Cuthbert by a pilgrimage to his island home. A number of priests in the habit of their Order, and secular clergy wearing cassock,

cotta, and biretta, together with several thousands of pilgrims, English, Irish, Scotch, and foreign, marched barefooted under their religious banners in a solemn procession across the sands, reciting the fifteen mysteries of the rosary and singing stirring hymns, as 'Faith of our Fathers,' 'Hail! Queen of Heaven,' etc. On arriving at the Island, the procession, headed by a crossbearer and acolytes, moved towards the venerable ruins of the Priory, where Holy Mass was celebrated."

The late Canon Consett was a constant visitor to the Island for some years, and his decease was deeply mourned.

Another pilgrimage was made but a few years ago, when some 700 persons, from all parts, visited and spent some time in the old Priory.

On both occasions an altar had been erected and the offices said by the priests.

The members of the Sunderland Antiquarian Society paid a visit in the summer of 1906, and an interesting and instructive paper was read by Mr. Morton on the history of the Saxon and Norman churches. He startled his hearers by declaring that parchment was not used by the monks for the purpose of transcribing the few books they possessed.

That parchment was used by the monks is proved by one simple fact. Recently the Vicar sent the copy of the Old Register to be printed and bound, and it was found that on the outside of the cover of this register a thick parchment was adhering to it, which undoubtedly belonged to the Priory.

This parchment, thanks to the good offices of the late lord of the manor, is framed and hung up in the Parish Church vestry, with a notice stating the fact above given.

On the anniversary of St. Aidan's Day, August 31st, 1896, the Durham Diocesan excursion to Holy Island was made (the 1245th anniversary).

People coming from all parts, to the number of 400, left by train the Durham station for Beal, and the journey across, some as pilgrims, wading the stream, and others in vehicles, presented a striking and varied spectacle. The journey accomplished, an impressive service was held in the Parish Church, the Vicar conducting the service and the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, D.D., preaching the sermon from the words "Charity never faileth," and he was listened to with rapt attention, as he drew visions of bye-gone days on this Island.

After service, which was attended by over 600, the interest of the surroundings was enhanced by the zealous efforts of no less an authority than the late Major-General Sir W. Crossman, K.C.M.G., of Cheswick House, and then Lord of the Manor of Holy Isle. He minutely went over the various items of special interest, and gave a graphic account of the excavations that had been made under his directions as custodian of the ruins for the Government. Some 600 or 700 people were within the vicinity of the ruins, and the visitors were greatly impressed with what they saw and heard.

ON August 10th, 1908, Holy Island was the scene of a missionary festival, when the prominent parts played by St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert in the evangelisation of northern England, were brought under review. Bishops representing all parts of His Majesty's dominions and other pilgrims, to the number of 700, were present. Evensong was said in the ruins of the once beautiful priory, and the Archbishop of Melbourne, standing on the remains of a pillar near where the chancel arch had once been, preached an appropriate sermon, recounting the beautiful and fascinating story of the priory church of Lindisfarne.

A visit was paid by the Roman Catholics of Tyneside to the ancient shrine of St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert, on Thursday, June 24th, 1909. The Reverend Father Mackin, B.A., of Jarrow, was the organiser of the movement, and to him belongs the credit of the excellent arrangements for the comfort and wellbeing of the party. The train conveying the pilgrims left Jarrow at seven o'clock and arrived at Newcastle at 7.30, taking up contingents at Hebburn, Pelaw, and Beal was reached at nine. Here all the available conveyances were in waiting, but many were forced to walk as the pilgrims of old—across the three miles of sand. Arriving on the island a move was made to the ruins, where Mass was celebrated on the identical spot chosen in many years gone by.

Besides the 300 or more who came by train a large sprinkling of the inhabitants attended the service. The weather proved propitious and the visitors were enabled to visit the castle and other points of interest until about 4.30, when, like the old-world pilgrims, they wended their way towards Beal.



## Charities.

THERE are two charities connected with the Island:—

(1) William Markwell charity, regulated by a scheme of the High Court of Chancery and various orders of the Board of Charity Commissioners, by which a sum of about £21 is realized annually for educational purposes, and a further sum of two guineas is paid to the vicar for preaching the "Markwell sermon."

(2) Under the will of the late Mr. Robert Crossman, who died on the 19th July, 1883, the sum of £1,500 was invested in the names of the lord of the manor, the vicar, the harbour master, the master of pilots, and the people's churchwarden.

These trustees under the terms of the will apply the income from this charity for—(1) Maintenance of a public library; (2) distribution amongst five poor people—fishermen and fishermen's widows to be preferred; (3) repairs of the parish church. The church living is in the gift of the Bishop of Newcastle.

The vicar is the Rev. I. Crawshaw, M.A., who is also hon. secretary of the Island branch of the National Lifeboat Institution.

In the estate office at the rear of the Manor House may be seen several pieces of old world, elaborately chiselled masonry, taken from the vicinity of the ruins at the time of the excavations ordered by the late Sir W. Crossman, K.C.M.G.

There is also a wooden cross which was placed on the North East shore by an eccentric lady, who set about erecting a small building as a kind of hermit's cell, but through some cause unknown to most people and probably to herself, she at length set fire to the place and planted this cross, probably as a monument of her folly. It bears the date March 7, 1903.

The writing is very quaint, and from the wording it would appear that this lady resented the apparent curiosity which the natives manifested in the matter of this strange little building. The words run thus:—

"There met him two exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that way. This was the site of a hermit's house, but owing to the brutality of the inhabitants and their ministers, it was given up.

"Then they besought him to depart out of their coasts."

### The Castle.

THIS fortress is first mentioned by Sir Robert Bowes in 1550. In the account of his Border Survey, taken by him in that year, he mentions it as the "Fort of Beblowe (the name given to the mound or hill upon which it is built), within the Holy Island, lyeth very well for the defence of the haven theire; and if there were about the lower part thereof made a ring, with bulwarks to flancke the same, the ditch thereabout might be easily watered toward the land. And then I think the said forts were very strong, and stood to good purpose, both for the defence of the forte and the annoyance of the enemies, if they did arrive in any other part of that Island."

Another authority, Raine's *History of Durham*, gives this item of its history:—

"This fortress in all probability owes its origin to an order in council, executed in the year 1539, that all 'havens should be fenced with bulwarkes and bloke houses,' but whatever was the date of its foundation, at all events in the year 1544 it was in existence, and had got out of repair."

In 1559 it was garrisoned as follows:—A captain (non-resident); two master gunners at 1s. per day; one master's mate at 10d. per day; and twenty soldiers at 8d. per day.

In 1569 Queen Elizabeth reminds Lord Hunsdon of the "importance of the place being such as cannot be too warily looked upon."

The height of the castle is 105 feet. There is no comparison between this and the once Royal Castle of Bamburgh. It is not so high nor the area so great.

It was probably built about the year 1539, in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1643 it held out for the king, but was eventually taken by the Parliamentary forces. Till within a few years ago, it was used as a Coastguard Station, and previously as a station for Coast Brigade R.A., but it is now occupied by Mr. Hudson, the proprietor of *Country Life*, who has already spent many thousands on its renovation and restoration.

A splendid view is obtained from its summit, not merely of the whole Island, but of the coast from Bamburgh on the south, to Berwick and St. Abb's Head on the north.



THE CASTLE.

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the North Sunderland Railway Co.)*

About a mile distant, on the north of the Island, is a lake—the haunt of the wild fowl—covering some four or five acres.

One of the most remarkable episodes connected with the castle is given in the year 1715, or 1719, when a warrior named Errington, and his nephew, who espoused the cause of the Pretender, got possession of the fortress in a treacherous manner. After holding it for a couple of days and finding reinforcements did not arrive, they attempted to escape but were made prisoners, and lodged in Berwick gaol. At one time many soldiers were stationed here, as Coast Brigade R.A., for in the records of the Church we find “About this time (1639) sundrie sogers buried.” This probably refers to an epidemic.

Of the fortress on the Heugh only the ruined walls now remain, and these are situated on the east end.

From an entry in the parish register—the only guide we have—it is inferred that this was a small fort to assist in protecting the harbour, probably built about the year 1675, and mounting in all probability a couple of guns, which can still be traced from the arrangements in the masonry.

The castle is now well worthy of a visit, for the lessee has lined it with genuine antique furniture and ornaments, in keeping with the surroundings.

A small charge of 6d. is made for admission, to visitors, the money being devoted to local charities.

### Priory Ruins.

On entering the ruins the visitor's attention is drawn to the ornamental wrought-iron gateway which was erected by a former lord of the manor in 1840. In the interior on the left hand side, at the foot of what has been a flight of stairs to a tower, is to be seen a curious carved figure on a stone, which is supposed to represent a ‘Griffon,’ also the remains of some pillars which are similar to those in Durham Cathedral, and a beautiful arch, and various other things of interest to those who are versed in archæology. In the outer court are the remains of various buildings, such as barn, school, prison, stable and a well, but a better idea of these ruins would be

gained by paying a visit, when the genial caretaker, Mr. Yetts, will explain fully their history. The many visitors who come from all parts to look upon the remnants of a once beautiful shrine, invariably express their admiration.

The monastery fell with the smaller ones in the time of Henry VIII. (1541), and was used together with all the adjacent buildings as "The Queen's Majestie's Storehouse" (1560).

It was finally unroofed in 1613 by Lord Walden, who took away the bells, the lead and everything worth laying hands on.

The Crown has still possession of the ruins.

One has only to make a close inspection of the architecture, if he wishes to form some idea of what a Benedictine Church of the twelfth century, was like. The stone of the building (mostly red sandstone) was brought probably from Cheswick, but most likely was got on the Island itself. According to the old rhyme various things contributed to the larder, thus:—

"From Goswick we've geese, from Cheswick we've cheese  
From Bukton we've venison in store,  
From Swinhoe we've bacon, but the Scots have it taken,  
And the Prior is longing for more."

On a small rock or islet situated some 150 to 200 yards south-west of Holy Island, may clearly be traced the foundation of a chapel, supposed to have been used as a retreat by St. Cuthbert, in the same sense that the Inner Farne served this purpose, only it is on a much more diminutive scale, for the dimensions are approximately 24 feet by 12, with walls  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick.

On the south-east are traces of foundations of other portions, which were probably used as a surgery. The Venerable Bede of Durham in his writings describes it thus:—"Remotior a monasterio locus, refluus undique maris fluctibus cinctus."

Translated thus:—"A place more distant from the monastery, surrounded on every-side by the returning waves of the sea."

### Periods of English Architecture.

Saxon ... ..	to 1066.
Norman ... ..	1066—1145.
Transitional ... ..	1145—1190.
Early English ... ..	1190—1245.
Geometrical Decorated ... ..	1245—1315.
Curvilinear ... ..	1315—1360.
Perpendicular ... ..	1360—1550.

It will be quite patent to the close student of history that the present Priory ruins are not those of the original stone building, for the Danes or Norsemen—unlike the warlike tribes of Romans—destroyed most completely all buildings savouring of sanctity, leaving nothing but blackened bones and burning débris. It is recorded, to the honour of the Goth and Vandal warrior, in the fourth century, that when he entered the Eternal city he commanded his followers “to reverence the churches of St. Paul and St. Peter, and the gold and silver,” said he, “touch ye them not.”

### Miscellaneous Items of Interest.

HOLY ISLAND is loved and visited now chiefly for its association with the days that are past. From the year 635 A.D. to 875 A.D. it was the seat of sixteen bishops in succession (destroyed finally by Danes in 875).

The modern name Holy Island was given probably on the re-establishment of the Priory, directly after the Norman Conquest, about the year 1070 A.D. (supposed to have lain in ruins nearly 200 years), and most probably it took its name from the original sanctity of the place, and also in memory of the blood of the Monks and martyrs shed by the Danes.

In the words of Raine in his *History of Durham*, and surroundings, we can say:—“Reach the Island, recollect that there stood the first church between the Tees and the Firth or Forth; that of this church, the seat of sixteen Bishops, not a vestige remains; and that a second structure, reared upon its foundations, is almost level with the ground, and there is enough both for the eyes and the mind.”

In the year 635, A.D., no altar cross or other emblem of Christianity was to be found throughout Northumbria (Humber to the Forth).

The people lived a semi-savage life, died, and were buried, as the brute beasts that perish.

Having briefly touched upon the many objects of interest in and around the Island, we cannot take leave of a spot so rich in lore, in history and reminiscences, without expressing a hope that in years to come, throughout the generations, many a weary pilgrim will find his way to this seagirt Island, a retreat rendered sacred by the cherished names of Aidan, Cuthbert, and Oswald, nor will the tourist fail to visit "the sea washed rock" where

"St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame,  
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

Four buildings occupied the site of the present ruins, the two first being of wood, covered with rough bents, and the last two were stone cathedrals. The first stone cathedral was built about the year 796 A.D., but when the Vikings made their descent upon the Island, about 800 A.D., they partially destroyed this building, leaving the sea birds in undisturbed possession for upwards of two hundred years, till the conqueror marched northward to punish the Scots, and it was then that the successors of those who had fled with the bones of St. Cuthbert on the approach of the Danes or Vikings, returned to the Island to escape the Conqueror's fury. They brought back the sacred remains and deposited them behind the high altar at Lindisfarne. Here, a few years after, they rebuilt the Priory (about the year 1070-1073), and the present ruins with its matchless rainbow arch and massive pillars, bear evidence of its magnificence.

Between Holy Island and the Farne Islands was a valuable oyster bed belonging to the Earl of Tankerville. One winter the tide sank so low that all the oysters were laid bare and destroyed by the frost, but in the following year the bed was renewed by oysters from the mouth of the Forth.

The red sandstone of which the old Priory was built was supposed to have been taken from Cheswick beach, and thence conveyed at low tide, in carts and wains, across the sands.

This sandstone is also found on the Island.

There is a market place, and formerly a weekly Saturday market was held here for some few years after 1560, and ordinary work was suspended, but it had been long discontinued; and in the year 1828, only the socket of the Market Cross remained. In that year a benefactor—H. C. Selby, Esq.,—built a handsome cross, costing £100, twelve feet high, on to the ancient socket, and suitably enclosed it. The circumstance is recorded on the masonry.



THE MARKET CROSS, HOLY ISLAND.

There is also the socket of St. Cuthbert's cross at the east end of the churchyard. It has been used for years as a "Petting Stone" and newly married couples have leaped over it "for luck" on leaving church. This custom is still observed, though marriages are "few and far between."

Many other Northumbrian parishes observe very similar customs. It is supposed to be remnants of heathen myth-



ology, left as a heritage by the Norsemen and Danes, who plundered the Island in the year 798 A.D., and again in 875.

The researches of the late lord of the manor, Sir Wm. Crossman, when President of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, added much to the records already made. Excavations on a large scale were carried out, which opened up "fresh fields and pastures new" to archæologists and lovers of the beautiful in early English design and architecture.

From a study of *Blakhal's Brieffe Narration* we find these words:—

"He (the governor) told us how the common people ther do pray for shippes which they see in danger. They al sit down upon their knees and hold up their handes and say very devotedly, 'Lord, send her to us; God, send her to us.' You, said he, seeing them upon their knees and their hands joyned, do think that they are praying for your sauvette, but their myndes are far from that."

The writer who penned the above called the people by the hard name, "redoubtable wreckers."

### Royal Visit to Holy Island.

JULY 2nd, 1908.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, during their stay in the north as the guests of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, paid a visit to Holy Island, famous as the seat of St. Aidan's episcopacy and the citadel of early Christianity in Northumbria. It was a great occasion for the inhabitants of the Island, who were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of loyalty. As the Royal party drove into the market square they were received by weatherbeaten jersey-clad fishermen on one side of the road and by the school children on the other. It was a picturesque scene, with the newly-whitewashed, red-tiled cottages in the background and the scene in the distance, placidly shimmering under the glorious sunshine. After the presentation of a bouquet by the children and a pretty shell basket by the older people, their Royal Highnesses entered the grounds of the Manor House, where they planted two sycamore trees, one on each side of a privet bush which was planted about ten years ago by the late Duchess of Teck. They then examined the ruins of the priory, which are specially

interesting as showing what a Benedictine church of the twelfth century was like. The plan of the priory church bears a remarkable resemblance to Durham Cathedral, the arrangements of the bays in couples, divided by piers alternately cylindrical and compound, being peculiar to these two places. The foundations of the Norman apse were laid bare in 1821 and at the same time the original pavement was discovered, consisting of glazed bricks resting on a substratum of lime. Fragments of Saxon crosses and other relics are preserved in a building adjoining St. Mary's churchyard.

### Holy Island Lifeboats.

IN connection with the Island there are two lifeboats always ready for service, one lightly built, specially suited for the broken water off Ross Links, and the other adapted for the various arduous work of life-saving around the Farne Islands. Twice during the last year did the bigger boat—the "Grace Darling"—render good service, and during the winters the crew have spent many anxious hours in watching their wave-swept coast, ready at any moment to respond to the call of duty. Altogether one hundred and twenty-five lives have been saved since its inauguration in 1829.

The daring deeds of the Islanders have not always gone unrewarded, for in the wreck accounts of years past (March, 1904, for instance) the Admiralty made the generous award of one thousand pounds to be divided among a number of men for special merit (salvage of "Harcola," 5,000 tons). The second lifeboat ("Edward and Eliza") is now at the Snook End.

Saturday, June 20th, 1908, was an interesting day for the dwellers on Holy Island. It had been announced that No. 2 lifeboat, the "Edward and Eliza," would be launched from her new station at the Snook End of the Island.

By ten o'clock, the time for launching, many of the inhabitants had arrived to witness the ceremony.

This boat, which is about eight years old, was formerly housed near the Beacons, opposite the Island, so as to be able to render service on the broken water around Ross Links, but in June, 1908, it was removed to its new station in order to



MR. G. KYLE, CAPTAIN OF THE "GRACE DARLING"  
LIFEBOAT, AND HIS MATES.

be of greater service on the treacherous north-eastern shore, where most of the casualties occur during the gales in winter and early spring.

On this stretch of sands, reaching for 3 miles, may be seen the skeletons of some five vessels that have from time to time succumbed to this fatal sand-ridge. There is also plainly visible, to those who cross the sands from Beal to the Island, the ship "Seabell" with mast intact, which has done battle with the elements for over seven years, and it seems likely to remain for the reason that she is so high on the ridge that little damage is done her, neither is this abandoned vessel dangerous to shipping as she is not in the route for steamers. The life-boat in question has only one record of life-saving, hence the removal to a more dangerous coast. The present site was chosen in June previous by both the District Inspector and the Deputy Chief of the Lifeboat Institution.

Pilots are less numerous than formerly. At one time over 40 were to be counted on the Island.

In the matter of wrecks, it is sad to think of, though true, many a good ship has come to grief on these shores, the more recent being—

(1) The "Seabell" (schooner), still in framework off the Snook end shore, being buffeted by the heavy seas. (Goswick Sand Ridge.) She came ashore December 26, 1899. She carried a cargo of pit props bound from Nairn to Sunderland. Her tonnage was about 100, and her crew were rescued by the Goswick life-saving apparatus.

(2) The "Standard" (ketch), 56 tons cargo of China clay, bound for Dundee, came ashore at the end of December, 1906, near the above-mentioned, and went to pieces soon after. Her crew went ashore at low water. The apparatus was in attendance but not required.

(3) The "Fairy" also became a wreck close to Emmanuel Head.

#### THE LIFEBOATS.

No. 1: 34 ft. long, 8 ft. 3 ins. broad, weighs 3 tons 7 cwt., has 10 oars; self-righting; built in 1884, gifted from Miss Egdell's legacy, and is named the "Grace Darling." No. 2: 34 ft. long, 8 ft. broad, weighs 2 tons 6 cwt., has 10 oars; self-righting; built in 1900; gifted from Mrs. Copland's legacy, and named "Edward and Eliza." Service in 1907: January 22—Holy Island, Northumberland, Grace Darling Lifeboat—Seven of the fishing boats belonging

to Holy Island were at sea fishing when the S.E. wind increased to a gale, and the sea became very heavy. At 8.30 a.m. the lifeboat was launched, manned by a scratch crew, most of the regular crew being in the fishing boats. She stood by the boats as they crossed the bar, and although several had narrow escapes all managed to regain safety. The women of the village gave valuable assistance to launch the lifeboat. Expense of service, £12 1s. 6d.

Officials: Local Committee—Mr. Robert Cromarty, Mr. John Robertson, Mr. Alexander Wilson, Mr. G. Wilson, and Mr. H. G. Winship. Honorary Secretary—the Rev. Irvine Crawshaw, M.A. Subscriptions for the year, £9 8s.; donations, £2 7s. 8d.—£11 5s. 8d.

Shore-boat services at Holy Island were rendered as under: February 17—Four men put off in a coble to save the crew of the ketch "Fairy," of Montrose, which stranded at Holy Island in a whole N.W. gale and heavy sea. Six men assisted the coble when returning ashore. Reward, £4 1s. September 16—Six men put off in a boat and rescued the crew of four persons of the ship "Dart," of Arbroath, which was totally wrecked on the Plough Seat, Holy Island, in moderate weather. Reward, £1 4s.

### The Lifeboat Crew.

I'll seek not 'mid the battlefield when the bloody strife is o'er,  
I find the true men here on the bleak Northumbrian shore;  
When the rockets flare, the darkening sky that calls the lifeboat  
crew,

Go tell the tale to other hearts what British pluck can do.  
From Longstone towers the signal goes, they muster rank and file,  
The mainland wafts an answer back, then flashes Holy Isle;  
Come bear a hand, brave fisher lads, the ebb has ceased to fall,  
And half flood in yon graveyard rock, will mean the death of all;  
Dark looms yon wreck athwart the night, lit by the signal flare,  
Where lies the storm-seethed Knavestone rock, a hundred wrecks  
lie there.

I watched them in my youthful days, no earthly powers could save,  
They sleep there in their last long sleep, that found the sailors'  
grave.

We watched with eager eyes the scene, and waft our blessings o'er  
The waters dark, that lie between our comrades and the shore;  
For well we know in years gone by a famous lifeboat story,  
Grace Darling's spirit haunts the scene to field old England's glory.  
Amid the gloom the lifeboat comes, her freight is nobly won;  
God bless the Norland mother each, that bore so brave a son;  
For nobly was the task fulfilled by gallant lifeboat crew;  
Three cheers for Holy Island men, who did their duty too.  
So freely help the noble cause, since wrecks there still must be.  
Bright gems ye are in England's crew, brave children of the sea.

By W. G. FRATER.

### The Wreck of the "Forfarshire."

Far away on the black and lonely ocean the visitor sees the revolving and flashing light of the Longstone, and he thinks of the heroic daring of the Island maid and her father, which thrilled and amazed the whole Empire in the year 1838.

The "Forfarshire" left Hull for Dundee on September 5th, 1838, with 63 persons on board, and passed through the Fairway the same evening.

At 10 p.m. she arrived off St. Abb's Head in a raging storm, when owing to a leak in the boilers, which had never been properly attended to, the engines became useless, and the vessel, becoming unmanageable, drifted through the night before the wind and struck with tremendous force on the Hawker\* rocks at 3 p.m. Nine of the crew immediately took possession of one of the boats, which fortunately drifted through the only outlet by which it was possible to escape, and they were picked up at 8 a.m. by a craft from Montrose and landed at Shields. "The shrieks of the females on deck, mingled with the roaring of the ocean, and the screams of the wild fowl disturbed from their resting-place, while the men clinging to the vessel awaited in silence their inevitable fate. The vessel struck aft the paddle boxes, and not above three minutes after the few survivors had rushed upon deck a second shock separated her into two parts, the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin being instantly carried away with all upon them through a tremendous current called the Piper Gut, whilst the fore part of the vessel remained fast upon the rock. The captain—like a true British seaman—stuck to the wreck till washed overboard with his wife in his arms, and both were drowned. The situation of the few passengers that remained was perilous in the extreme. Placed on a small rock surrounded by the sea which threatened to engulf them, and their companions having just before been swept away from them, they were clinging to life whilst all hope of relief was sinking within them, and crying for help while the billows drowned their feeble shrieks."

\* Harcar is the name known to sailors.



THE WRECK OF THE "FORFARSHIRE."

(This illustration kindly lent by E. Routland Hill, Bookseller, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.)

Their cries, however, were heard by Grace Darling, who was at that time alone with her parents at the Longstone Lighthouse, and at daybreak they descried the miserable survivors clinging to the rocks.

William Darling at once declared that it would be impossible to attempt a rescue, considering that it would be rushing upon certain death, but his heroic daughter seized an oar and entered the boat. Upon this the father followed, and by a desperate effort was landed upon the rock, while Grace, by her skill in rowing, kept the boat from being dashed to pieces.

Thus the whole of the survivors, consisting of five of the crew and four passengers, were conducted in safety to the lighthouse, where they were attended for three days and nights till they could be carried to the mainland. At the time of their being rescued, their clothes were mostly torn off, and they were in a state of complete exhaustion from their continual battle with the storm.

The most agonising spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson with her two children, a boy and a girl, eight and eleven years of age respectively, firmly grasped in each hand. There she held them in the agonies of despair long after the buffetings of the waves had deprived them of existence.

It may not be out of place here to mention that it was whilst on a visit to her brother, who kept the light on Coquet Isle, that Grace Darling took the chill in a consumptive body which culminated in her early death.

Grace Horsley Darling, the heroine, was born at Bamburgh on December 17th, 1815 (date of Waterloo), and was one of a family of seven.

There are perhaps few names in England more greatly and more gratefully cherished than that of the heroine of the Farne Islands, and as years roll on, we may naturally expect this admiration to increase. The rescue of the crew of the "Forfarshire" took place on the morning of September 7th, 1838, and she died on October 20th, 1842, aged 26 years.

It was through the influence of Florentia, the estimable Duchess of Northumberland, that a public subscription was set on foot, the object being to present the heroine with a testimonial, and so successful was the project that in a short



time the large sum of £700 was subscribed. This amount was invested and placed under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Archdeacon Thorp.

Other presents of a private nature were made, amongst which might be mentioned a gold watch and silver teapot from the Duke and Duchess respectively.

The Adelphi Theatre vainly offered Grace Darling the sum of £20 per night to appear in a ship-wreck scene, merely seated in a boat. She preferred to remain in her native place where she was beloved and honoured.

Only about two years after this heroic event did her health show signs of giving way. For a while it was not regarded as serious, and it was not till she had been removed from the Island to Bamburgh that her friends were made aware of the serious nature of the complaint.

Consumption had begun to show itself in some of its most advanced forms, and as soon as Doctor Fender, her medical attendant, perceived this, he ordered her removal from place to place, but with no satisfactory result, after which she returned to Bamburgh, where she lingered for a space of two months.

Thus died in the early bloom of womanhood, one of the noblest specimens of the world's heroines—

“Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
Though young so wise, though weak so resolute.”

She was buried a few days after her death, and her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people from all parts.

As the grave closed o’er the mortal remains of the heroine of the Longstone, not a few of the many who were drawn together on that mournful and memorable occasion, but would re-echo the wish that her deeds might not only be ever fresh in the future, but in the words of the poet,

“Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
Yea, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling’s name.”

Her father, who died some years after, at the age of 84, lies by her side, in the family grave.

Her monument—a handsome structure—is in another part of the Churchyard and in view of the Farne Islands, the scene of her heroism.

This monument is in itself also a striking object lesson on genuine heartfelt gratitude towards the heroine, by the whole nation.

The canopied tomb, on which lies the effigy of the lighthouse keeper's daughter, represents her with her hands folded over her compassionate heart, and the oar she wielded with so much saving service, by her side. The canopy, which is formed like a gabled roof, is raised on columniated and cusped arches. A high iron railing protects the tomb. The original stonework is in Bamburgh Church.

The following lines from Wordsworth show his high eulogium of the bravery and character of the heroine of the Longstone :—

### Grace Darling.

“Among the dwellers in the silent fields  
 The natural heart is touched, and public way  
 And crowded street resound with ballad strains  
 Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks  
 Favour divine, exalting human love;  
 Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast  
 Known but to few, but prized as far as known  
 A single act endears to high and low  
 Through the whole land, to manhood, moved in spite  
 Of the world's freezing cares,—to generous youth—  
 To Infancy, that lisps her praise,—and age  
 Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
 Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame  
 Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds  
 Do not imperishable record find  
 Save in the roles of heaven, where her's may live  
 A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
 The high-soul'd virtues which forgetful earth  
 Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak  
 Of things which their united power call'd forth  
 From the pure depths of her humanity!  
 A maiden gentle, yet at duty's call  
 Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared  
 On the island rock her lonely dwelling place;  
 Or like the invincible rock itself that braves  
 Age after age, the hostile elements  
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.  
 All night the storm had raged, nor ceased nor paused,  
 When as day broke, the maid, through misty air  
 Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf.



*Yours Sincerely*

*Grace H. Darling*

---

Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
 Half of a vessel;—half, no more! the rest  
 Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
 Had for the common safety striven in vain  
 Or thither throng'd for refuge: With quick glance  
 Daughter and Sire through optic glass discern  
 Clinging about the remnant of the ship  
 Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight  
 For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more  
 Than for their fellow sufferers engulf'd  
 Where every parting agony is hushed  
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife  
 'But courage, father! let us out to sea—  
 A few may yet be saved.' The daughter's words,  
 Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith  
 Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack  
 The noble-minded mother's helping hand  
 To launch the boat; and, with her blessing cheer'd  
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
 Together they put forth, father and child!  
 Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go  
 Rivals an effort, and, alike intent  
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
 The billows lengthening, mutually cross'd  
 And shattered, and regathering their might:  
 As if the wrath and trouble of the sea  
 Were by the Almighty's influence prolonged  
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so prov'd—  
 May brighten more and more,

True to the mark.

They stem the current of that perilous gorge  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening  
     heart

Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting thrills the frames  
 Of those, who in that dauntless energy  
 Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair—toss'd on the waves to bring  
 Hope to the hopeless,—to the dying, life—  
 One is a woman, a poor earthly sister  
 Or, be the visitant other than she seems  
 A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven  
 In woman's shape! But why prolong the tale  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced  
 And difficulty master'd with resolve  
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,

The last remainder of the crew are all  
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach  
 And in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
 Within the sheltering lighthouse—shout ye waves!  
 Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!  
 Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!  
 And would that some immortal voice, a voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 Breathes out from rock or couch, through pallid lips  
 Of the survivors, to the clouds night bear—  
 Blended with praise of that parental love  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute,  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars  
 Yea, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name."

Wm. Darling died in 1865, and in his log book on the Longstone is found this modest statement referring to the heroic rescue "Nine persons held on by the wreck and were rescued by the Darlings."



THE LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

## Sports and Pastimes.

It must not be supposed that the Islanders are different to people on the mainland respecting manly sports and games. Some mention has been made of indoor games, and considering the population (something over 400) of the place, it is somewhat to their credit that half-a-dozen chess players are found here, whilst most of the reading room members are very keen on a "rubber of whist." In the matter of out-door recreation, football holds the sway amongst both the school-boys and the younger men, and matches, creditable to the natives, are played at intervals. With more systematic practice, the Island team will, in the near future, be able to hold its own with similar clubs on the mainland.

The Royal game of golf had been played—thanks to the initiative given by Mr. A. Wilson, Mr. Winship, Mr. Halliday, and others, and the kindly offices of Mr. L. Morley Crossman (lord of the manor), for more than a year, on a course situated in the interior of the Island, but no club was formed till October, 1907, when an agreement was signed with the lord of the manor and a course marked out by the champion golfer, Mr. James Braid, at the instigation of Mr. Hudson of Holy Isle Castle.

In February, 1907, play commenced upon this new course, which had been planned, and the following notes from the pen of "Saxon" in the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, January 14th, 1907, characteristically describe the future game on Holy Isle.

## Golfiana.

It is not generally known that the Northumbrian coast, rich as it already is in golfing territories, can yet boast of another that, in the opinion of no less an authority than James Braid, the champion professional golfer, is next to a little golfing elysium. I had thought that every course on our rock-bound coast was known to me one way or another, but must confess to my ignorance of one being in existence on the spot sacred to the memory of St. Aidan, the Iona monk, who, towards the middle

of the seventh century, was sent as a missionary by the Scottish Church to the hitherto almost heathen Northumbrians and King Oswald, who had received baptism at the hands of Paulinus, by whom Aidan had been already appointed to the bishopric of Lindisfarne, the ancient name for Holy Island. But let me give my correspondent's interesting notes of the course as laid out by Braid, and which some day I hope to visit and judge for myself.



THE AUTHOR ON THE FIRST GREEN.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, "*World of Golf*.")

Braid's opinion of the course in *Golf in Queer Places* is as follows:—

"The new course, one of the wildest and most natural to be found anywhere, will furnish fine golf that will gladden the hearts of the players of the heroic school. On Holy Island the making of bunkers is a business of the utmost simplicity. You just remove the top turf, and the wind does the rest, scooping out the sand and shaping the bunker in the proper way, proving once again how golf, of all games, is most akin to simple nature.

"It is as well to pause to consider the eccentricity of this course on Holy Island, and anyone can easily decide that it is nature and not man which is at work in planning these queer

courses. A sea channel of some three miles width separates the island from the mainland, but the water is only running through it for four hours to each tide, two hours before high tide and two hours after.

"For the remainder of the time a passage may be made across on foot, on more or less dry sand. But what of the golfer who starts, say, three hours before high tide and dallies to try some puts or mashie pitches on the way as golfers always do. The North Sea or German Ocean comes in and catches him, and he is then in a pickle. He may either abandon his clubs and swim for it, or, preferably he may adopt an undignified but dry method of salvation.

"Some distance from each other there are high poles stuck in the sands and wooden refuges fixed on the top of three of these poles at varying distances, and the proper thing to do is to climb up these poles and gain the refuge, waiting patiently until the water recedes. Bridge is not prohibited, and the golfer may adopt this or any other means of mitigating the pains and penalties that attach to the pursuit of the game. Horses and carts ford the stream at high water when ordered to do so."

Referring to golf, the question arises, "Did the Monks of Holy Island, in those remote times, play golf?"

The only approach to a solution of this problem is the fact that in St. Cuthbert's Church, Philbeach Gardens, Kensington, one of London's most beautiful churches, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, there is a beautiful stained glass memorial window depicting the Saint in the act of striking the ball with a club, very similar to the present day driver.

### **Progress of Golf on Holy Island.**

It was found impracticable to do the necessary work for the re-opening in February, 1907, as promised, and as a matter of fact it was only by employing more labour that an opening of any sort was arranged for Easter Monday following, subject to a more formal inauguration on June 11th.

At the time that the champion visited the Island, which has an almost unique ecclesiastical history, and one almost as absorbing to antiquaries, he expressed the opinion that the contour of the territory was "wild and natural," two words that truly convey its aspect. A deal of labour and considerable expense have been devoted to the work, for which the thanks of the Committee are mainly due to Mr. Winship,



hon. sec., and his willing helpers, whose assistance in its development have been invaluable. The course itself abounds with excellent sporting features—scaling heights, topping sandhills, etc.

Starting from the old teeing ground, the first tee shot is in a direct line to the base of the lime kiln now in ruins, some 175 yards distant, where the first green opens out.

From teeing ground number 2 a cliff 30 feet high has to be scaled by the “lofter,” and thence in a direct line to the western shore some 300 yards distant, where a beautiful putting green comes into view.

The third tee is placed opposite the second green on an elevated stand dominating the hole, which is some 300 yards distant.

There is a double green at the fourth of excellent natural turf, this hole being a short one. But the fifth will require a par 5 to reach it, the distance being 440 yards, the line veering away to the eastern shore in propinquity to the “coves.” This completes the outward journey.

On the return the line skirts what was formerly ground under tillage, the hole being on the double putting green aforementioned, said to be the most difficult of the whole course.

From double greens we climb the rising ground on the left and find tee No. 8 on the ground level.

A good drive of 175 yards would land a ball on the valley green, the prettiest of the course.

The next tee is located on an elevated standpoint to the left, reached by climbing the crevice of two hillocks, the line of drive being to scale the opposite hill-top,—crossing a hollow some 60 feet below—a carry of 150 yards from the tee place and the golfer has another drive of equal distance to complete the nine-holed course. The last putting green, also naturally formed, being the nearest point to the habitable part of the Island.

From this description it will be gathered that the novice will have his share of difficulties. The nomadic golfer will be well repaid by a visit to this romantic, lonely Isle on our North-east coast, especially to those of his cult who have some regard for what Braid, in his direct manner, has described as the “wildest and most natural to be found anywhere.”

An ideal course might be made on these links, if money were forthcoming, whereby the Committee would be enabled to remove more earth and to extend the drainage.

"Is golf played at the Vatican?" The following supplies the answer:—A pen portrait of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State, was recently given in *Munsey's Magazine*. The Cardinal, says Mr. E. A. Powell, is an indefatigable worker, a frugal liver, a man of strong likes and dislikes, with a hot Latin temper that is often in evidence, but always under control. Tall and slim of figure, graceful of motion, showing the highest type of the Andalusian in every feature, his face when in repose is little more than a mask, so utterly devoid is it of all feeling and expression. But when a smile gives life to his sphinx-like countenance, then, indeed, all the marvellous fascination which this remarkable man can exercise becomes apparent. When a youth he was very fond of pranks, and was nicknamed by his school-fellows "Merry Devil." He is the first Cardinal to indulge in golf, a game which he plays twice weekly over a private course in the grounds of the Villa Doria-Pamphili.

The subscriptions to Holy Island Golf Club are as follow:—Residents, 2s. 6d. per annum (this is the wish of the lord of the manor); Non-residents, gentlemen, 15s.; ladies, 7s. 6d. Visitors are admitted on payment of 5s. per month, 2s. 6d. per week or 1s. per day. Tickets to be obtained of the Secretary. No play on Sundays.

### Cheviot.

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,  
 And, pensive mark the lingering snow,  
     In all his seams abide;  
 And slow dissolving from the hill,  
 In many a sightless, soundless rill,  
     Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.  
 Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,  
 As wimpling to the eastern sea  
     She seeks Till's sullen bed;  
 Indenting deep the fatal plain,  
 Where Scotland's noblest brave, in vain  
     Around their monarch bled.

## Wildfowl Shooting at Holy Island.

BY SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, BART.

I shot over the tidal flats for ten years, usually for six weeks after Christmas, with the assistance of one of the best puntsmen in England, with every appliance for obtaining sport, and at all hours by day and by night.

The brent geese are seldom present in any number before Christmas, but after Christmas, and till the end of February, they are often very numerous.

In a hard winter, especially if the weather is severe in North Holland and in Denmark, from 1,500 to 2,000 geese frequent the mudflats.

In mild winters their numbers vary from 600 to 800.

These birds are very difficult to obtain, for the reason that they pass most of the day in security at sea, and only fly to the flats to feed on the sea grass (*Loxostoma marina*) when the tide is low.

They are then, as a rule, unapproachable, as they are careful to alight at a long distance from the water, and when a boat or punt can push up within a couple of hundred yards of them, on the flowing tide, they can fly out to sea or to other parts of the flats where they are secure from the gunner.

At the same time, by the exercise of much patience, hard work night and day, and a good deal of luck, a shot at the brent with a punt gun can now and then be achieved, especially in very windy weather, when they fly low and are not so apt to leave for a rough sea. But this only occurs when the wind is strong, and, of course, on shore. In such favourable weather, and with plenty of frost, a bag of from 60 to 80 geese may be made during the month of January.

I have obtained as many as 200 after Christmas, but with every exertion, as well as with good luck, the average number would seldom exceed 80 of these excessively wary fowl, and in mild winters perhaps not more than from 40 to 50.

What causes all gunning afloat from Holy Island to be difficult is the fact that the entire estuary dries at low water and that there are then no creeks and channels along which a

boat or duck punt can be paddled up to the birds as they rest or feed on the flats.

If this was not the case the geese would not remain, as they would soon be driven away to other haunts.

By anchoring a boat behind small promontories or under the shelter of rocks, occasional shots at the geese may be had with a shoulder gun as they fly from the sea to or from the mudflats, presuming always that the wind is strong enough to cause the birds to fly low.

As to other wildfowl, there are very few. I have never seen a hundred wigeon together, and probably at most a couple of hundred frequent the flats, and then seldom during the day-time.

In hard frost wild duck are driven from inland ponds and rivers to the tide, and sometimes a score may be noticed, but usually not more than a half dozen here and there, and these are probably sleeping in safety on the dry ooze far beyond the reach of the fowler's gun.

Teal are rare visitants; in ten years I scarce saw a dozen.

Among diving ducks the scaup is the common species at Holy Island, few others of this worthless tribe being seen.

Many shore birds may be noticed, though few of interest from the gunner's point of view. Plover, golden and green, are scarce, though they are common on the marshes and fields near the sea shore.

In severe weather there are always three or four swans about, both Hooper's and Berwick's.

To an enthusiastic wildfowl shooter I can imagine a fortnight at Holy Island in hard weather would be a delightful excursion, for even if his bag were a light one he would always have the pleasure of seeing wildfowl, that is, brent geese, in considerable numbers.

Thirkleby Park, Thirsk.

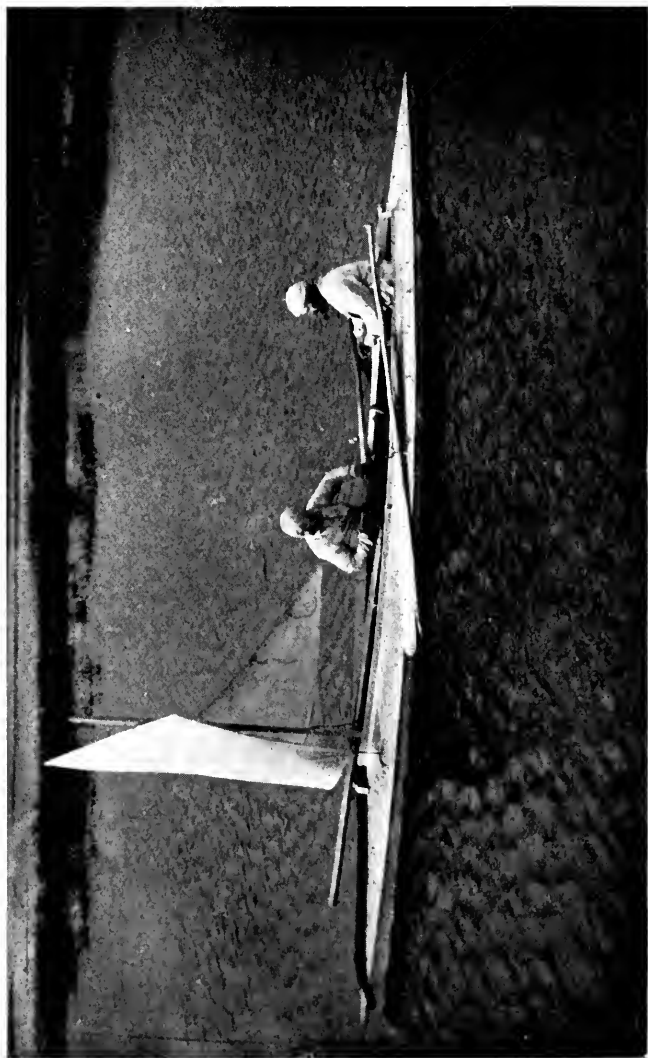
Stanley Duncan, Esq., Hon. Sec., Wildfowling Association, in his interesting article on "British Wildfowling and Pleasure Resorts," says:—

"On journeying south from Holy Island, our first place where one might be able to stay if desiring to shoot along Fenham Slake and Budle Bay is Elwick, situated about two



A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN ON THE FLATS AT HOLY ISLAND, SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, BART.

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, "Shooting Times.")*



ANOTHER KEEN SPORTSMAN, STANLEY DUNCAN, ESQ.  
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, "*Shooting Times*,")

miles from the north-west corner of Budle Bay, and a mile from Fenham Slake. Along this shore a shoulder-gun wildfowler would find in suitable weather many excellent fowl, worthy of much trouble to obtain. Wigeon are usually exceedingly numerous, especially during hard weather, and mallards are often in as large droves. Sometimes these birds flock upon the slake like clouds or swarms of bees. To see them in such large numbers is worth to a wildfowler all the time spent if one should be so extremely unfortunate as to bag none, though this would rarely happen to an average shot staying in this neighbourhood for a few days when the birds are there. Brent, too, are frequenters of this coast, at times in myriads. The chief portion of the brent are shot by the punters, who, by the way, are, in nearly all places, the wildfowlers securing 'the cream of the fowl.' As I take it, the true shoulder-gun wildfowler is not so desirous of obtaining large numbers of fowl as a warm and jolly piece of wild sport; the idea of record-breaking should be only a secondary consideration. Before passing on, I might remark that the locality just described is one of the best winter wildfowl haunts on the Northumberland coast. Belford is the nearest station for Elwick, but if the visitor would like to stay at Fenham I should certainly advise training to Beal. In January, 1908, I received a letter from a wildfowling friend, who told me that he had just returned from spending three days with his double 10-bore Tolley near Fenham. His total bag was eleven wigeon (mostly shot at evening flight), one immature female merganser, and two mallards, one of the latter being a 'pensioner,' *i.e.*, a cripple.

"In referring to the birds already mentioned as breeding on the Farnes, including the kittiwake and scaup, an uncommon sight in bird shape presented itself on the farm-lands close to Beal, in the shape of the common crane (October 20th, 1908). Naturalists will know it as belonging to the family of waders. The specimen noted was some five-and-a-half feet in height, and in full plumage. It was afterwards seen by some fishermen near the slakes or wildfowl feeding grounds between Beal and Holy Island.

"In its habits it is not a fish-eater, but finds sustenance amongst the stubble and the vegetation found on mudflats.

"At one time its flesh was considered a great dainty, for we read that in the reign of the fourth Henry 200 were served at a feast given by a certain bishop.

"It even penetrated so far as the sandhills, and its chase created no end of rivalry amongst native gunners. The bird was, however, too wary and eventually eluded capture.

"Notice of this visit in the *Field* elicited the fact that it belonged to a private collection at Morpeth and had escaped. It was afterwards shot out at sea.

"Another splendid specimen of bird life came to the writer in February, 1909, in the shape of a night heron, so rarely seen on this North-east Coast. It measured 36 inches in height." (See the author's *Book of Birds*.)

Of smaller birds the golden plover is often to be seen, and in eating is most dainty, whilst a smaller type, the various kinds of linnets whose song is not to be despised, and that rare little songster "Cock o' the North," are constant visitors during the colder weather.

### The Birds of Holy Island.

THE following is a list of the migratory birds seen at Holy Island during recent years:—The rough-legged buzzard—a very rare visitor; the scaup, locally called "covey," found in large numbers; the pochard, or red-headed scaup, which was occasionally seen; the velvet scoter (large duck averaging four pounds in weight); the common scoter; the shelduck, which breeds both on the Farnes and on Holy Island; the pintail, long-neck, the shoveller, locally termed "shovel-bill"; the brent and pink-footed geese, in very large numbers; the grey-lag goose, a rare visitant; the long-tailed duck, which are generally considered as harbingers of severe weather, and which have been plentiful this season (by local fishermen the males and females respectively are named "Jackie and Jennie Foster"); the eider duck (locally named St. Cuthbert's), which breeds on the island and may be seen all the year round, chiefly on the north-eastern shore; the cormorant, which is very common here; the great and lesser black-backed gulls, and the





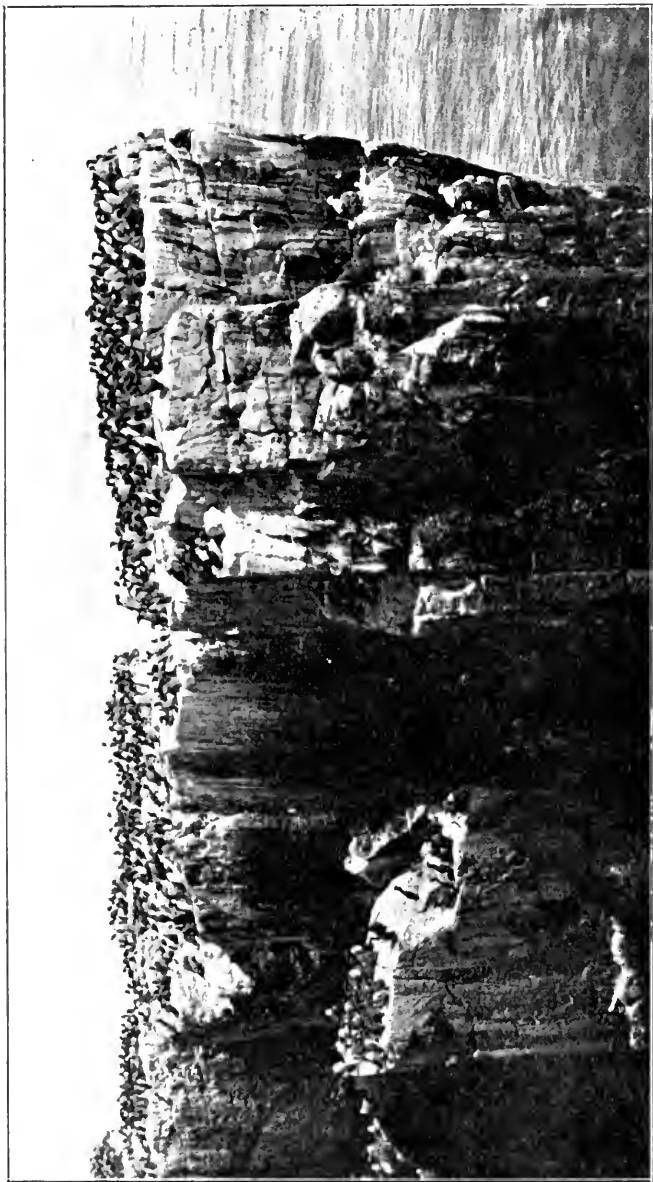
YOUNG KITTIWAKES ON NEST.

[*R. Fortune.*]

black-headed gull, besides, of course, the herring-gull, all of which breed in vast numbers on the Inner Farne, etc.; the great northern diver, which, though nesting in Iceland, is frequently shot here; the little auk (circum-polar), also shot occasionally, and a snow-bunting was captured some five or six years ago; the common, sandwich, and roseate terns, which breed on the Farnes, the two former kinds on Holy Island; the common and black guillemot, found around the shores during winter and in the breeding season, the Farne Islands being their sanctuary, where they are so closely huddled, attempting incubation, that it is a common saying, "ye canna' put bottles closer"; the kittiwake, puffin, stint, and occasionally a razorbill (called "willicks" here), all seen from these shores, and the favourite golden-eye, shot at intervals; the oyster-catcher (called "seapoy" by locals), very numerous on the shore opposite Berwick-on-Tweed; the god-wit, or speeth, frequently shot or seen. A very rare specimen was the water-rail, a bird of well defined shape with an exceedingly close plumage. On very rare occasions indeed the spoonbill has been seen here. A local gunner shot one a couple of years ago, and another was caught seven years ago. The green shag and great shrike were seen a few seasons ago. Of smaller birds, the kingfisher has never been noticed, nor the green woodpecker, though the black and white varieties of the latter are often occurring.

### The Birds on the Farnes.

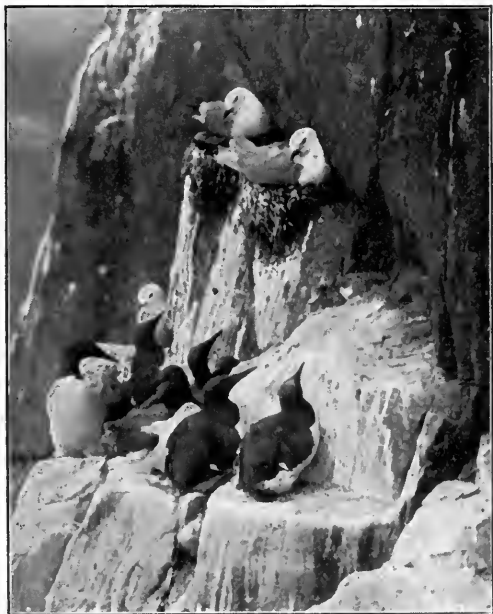
It is of entrancing interest to naturalists and bird-lovers in general to know that in the month of May—a month usually connected with ideas of warmth and sunshine—the numbers of the feathered tribe that collect on the Pinnacles are so great that—to use a phrase borrowed from the fishermen—one could not place bottles side by side closer together than these birds cluster. The guillemots are the inhabitants of these pinnacles. They lay only one egg, and then proceed to bring about incubation, nesting so closely that they seem to be side by side in myriads. The birds also make their nesting-places, in addition to the flat top of the Pinnacles, on flat projecting



NEAR VIEW OF THE PINNACLES WITH THEIR CROWD OF GUILLEMOTS.

portions of rock above, but not far from the water's edge. The kittiwake, as the fisherman calls it, also nests by the water's edge on similar pieces of projecting rock.

Whilst the month of May is the proper laying time, its successor, June, is by far the better time in which to pay a visit to those islands, for then the gulls are also very busy in



[R. Fortune.

KITTIWAKES AND GUILLEMOTS ON THE  
STAPLE ISLAND.

the work of egg-production. Four eggs are laid, as a rule, before attempts at incubation are made. Two keepers are in attendance during the breeding season. These are appointed under the auspices of the Farne Island Association. A boat is kept here whilst the men remain; thus visitors are

enabled to visit the different islets forming the group, to notice the habits of the birds, to view the nests and interesting objects under the superintendence of the keepers. On the main island it is very difficult to step without damaging the eggs, mostly of the gull species.

Another interesting bird to be seen here in May and June is the St. Cuthbert's or eider duck, famous for its varied and beautiful markings, and remarkable for its world-famed "down." The peculiar plumage of this bird varies with its



EIDER DUCK AND NEST.

[R. Fortune.

age, and the different tintings or shades of colour on the male bird especially change after its second year. This bird generally lays five eggs, and this group of islets forms its chief nesting haunt. Here it is practically unmolested and undisturbed. Not so on the sandhills of Holy Island, for seldom may a nest be seen here with more than two or three eggs, and the moment the eider leaves the nest the gulls or rooks play havoc.

The puffin—or, as it is called in the locality, “tommy noddy”—is also found here. It has a beak like that of a parrot, and red legs and claws. It has a peculiarity entirely its own in the matter of nesting. Its general proceeding is to burrow into a rabbit-hole some 20 to 25 inches under the surface. This is, in fact, its invariable custom, and woe to the sportsman who is curious enough to put his hand into the hole in quest of a coney, for the puffin’s nip is very sharp and decisive.



PUFFINS.

[R. Fortune.

On Megstone Island, which is abreast of Bamburgh Castle and the nearest to Holy Island, is the home of the cormorant, a bird, quite black in colour, which lays an egg the size of the mallard duck, and it is noticed by a close observer that when the egg is blown, whilst the outside shell is of a pure white, the inner portion is of a pale green colour. The cormorant’s nest is made entirely of the seaweed cast ashore, and a very systematic method is observed in the construction of it; for instance, whilst the mated pair are shaping the nest, others—probably five or six—are laboriously working and hauling the long fibres of weed towards the scene of activities. The bird lays



CORMORANTS ON THEIR NESTS.

[R. Fortune.]

four or five eggs, and there is noticed a remarkable spindle feebleness during infancy, the walk being a mere tottering shuffle. Its usual method of reaching the water is to topple over, caused by uneven balancing; thus the bird can swim much sooner than it can walk, like many an Indian native child.

Nature provides for the nest to be well above high-water mark, but three years ago an exceptionally high tide washed over the nests, causing great destruction. The following year the birds migrated to the Hawker Rock, the scene of many disasters to shipping, but more particularly the wreck of the ill-fated "Forfarshire" and the heroic rescue by Grace Horsley Darling in the year 1838. A big battle here ensued between gulls and cormorants, and it was noticed that the birds came back last year to their old haunts in peace, apparently.

Another bird, called the tern, or sea-swallow, breeds close to the Longstone (where a Darling kept the light until recently), and sometimes close to the Inner Farne, and makes his appearance from April 5 to 8. . . This bird comes from the Arctic regions, and its first appearance is eagerly looked for by the fishermen around this coast. Its egg is about the size of the lapwing's.

These smaller types assemble in dense flocks in due course and add their quota to the myriads of eggs produced, for which the wild and desolate Farnes have ever been noted.

I ought to mention that the Cremstone Island is the most easterly of the group, and is also very interesting to naturalists as the haunt and breeding-place of the North Sea seals.

A flight of swans from their ponds in Haggerston Park, at times visit the north-eastern shore.

It is very easy to buy widgeon, teal, etc., for the small sum of 9d. each, mallard and brent geese 1s. 6d. each.

### **Capture of a Seal at Holy Island.**

THE animal, which a native gunner, named Stevenson, shot (November 15th, 1908) was a baby seal scaling some 9 stones. He was prowling around the shore in quest of birds and when nearing the pillar of stone called Emmanuel Head, he descried the animal apparently asleep among the



rocks. His *modus operandi* was to creep warily to within shot range of the quadruped, and quickly despatch it.

It is known to naturalists that these sea-urchins breed on the Inner Farnes, some six miles from Holy Island, and during high tides and boisterous weather the parents are ofttimes carried from their haunts, and the progeny are separated from them, and they have been known to attempt the feat of boarding a herring-boat. These Farne seals do a deal of damage to netting during the salmon fishery and hence the practice of awarding the sum of 15s. to the person who produces the tail of the animal.

Two or three of these creatures come ashore each year, some being only a few stone in weight, whilst others captured have turned the scale at from 50 to 70 stones. One of the latter weight was taken two years ago in a salmon net at Goswick; and it is not surprising, seeing the havoc wrought by such monsters, that the Fishery Board have taken steps to bring about the extermination of this pest. This species of seal must not be mistaken for the Arctic specimen, for whereas the skin of the polar seal is valuable, the Farne skins are practically worthless, save as mats or rugs, hence the facilities for procuring one for the "modest half-crown."

A monster seal was washed ashore on the Goswick Sand ridge on Monday evening, July 1st, 1907, weighing some 36 stones and measuring eight feet in length and five feet in its widest part. This animal is supposed to have died from old age.

The seal used to breed in the harbour and there is still a sand bank there named the "seal-bat."

The writer has seen several that have been shot near the "coves" and Emmanuel Head during the past two years, weighing from 4 to 10 stones.

He is now frequently seen at the coves, whilst young seals are sometimes captured at the Sand-rigg.

The porpoise (or, as the juveniles say, "puffy") is seen frequently in the summer time sporting in the water near the Castle point, and often in shoals in the wake of the herring boats; occasionally they are captured.

Regarding the seal and its proclivities in the matter of destroying salmon, there is now on foot a movement by which

the destruction of the animal in its breeding place (Farne Islands) will be proceeded with, with vigour, the authorities being convinced that this is the only means of extermination.

The family of larger fish is represented on this coast and seen frequently in the summer time, both near the sand bar and the beacons, in the shape of the bottle nosed whale ("thrasher" as he is locally named from his movements in beating or "thrashing" the water).

Another of its species may be seen spouting up water to the height of a hundred or more feet.

Reverting to the smaller species of fish found on the coast, the writer has often, in his coastal rambles, come across a hideous specimen thrown on the beach or sand. It has an abnormally large head with striking rows of teeth, and otherwise most formidable looking, resembling a miniature shark, with a small narrow body.

This is the Marmouth and weighs from a few pounds to four or five stones.

### **The Priory, Lindisfarne.**

THE original name is derived—according to the most authentic authorities and writers—from "Lindis," name of the brook which the traveller or pilgrim crosses from Beal, and "fahren" which is said to mean a "recess" or place of retreat.

From this small Island sprang the original elements of Christianity in England. The light of the gospel was destined to shine from the holy shrine at Lindisfarne, and it was about the year 635 A.D. that the Scottish Church prevailed upon one Aidan to undertake the Bishopric of this newly founded diocese. He left his beloved Iona also at the earnest solicitations of the saintly King Oswald, whose royal residence was at Bamburgh Castle. Soon after his arrival at Bamburgh—for here he was permitted to reside by the King, he made frequent journeys to the Island on which he had built a temporary Church, covered with rush, grass and coarse bents, and he also built a schoolhouse and gathered together, to the number of twelve, some youths who were in course of time successors in the See of Lindisfarne. Thus the Apostles of

Christianity emanated from the wild and—at that time—desolate island, on the far Northumbrian coast, and this thought seems very appropriate in its relationship to the world's idea of a Messiah, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Why was Lindisfarne chosen to be the source, from which sprang the power of the gospel? We are told that St. Aidan converted 15,000 persons in a few days, so much was the preaching of the word blessed to the souls of men. St. Aidan died in 651 A.D., as some writers state—heart-broken at the merciless death of his fellow saint and co-worker King Oswald, by the ruthless Penda, King of Mercia, and more latterly by the assassination of Oswin.

The next four succeeding Bishops held the See, and their rule in things spiritual went on as under the first Bishop, till St. Cuthbert, that saint about whom sensational history records miracles: the most weird, wonderful and entrancing being the story of his body after death: for in the various disinterments, after eleven, three hundred, and eight hundred years, as I record in due course, the body of the saint was found to be quite uncorrupt, and this fact is vouched for, amongst others, by the Venerable Bede. He died in 687 A.D., after being bishop for two years.

### **St. Cuthbert being offered the Bishopric of Hexham.**

THE subject of the picture is the holy St. Cuthbert, formerly Prior of Melrose, afterwards monk of Lindisfarne, then for two years Bishop. He was, in a true sense, a recluse, and loved solitude, a man whom it was believed possessed the true spirit of God. During his sojourn at Lindisfarne he built a cell on the small Island, situated to the south-west of what is now called Holy Island, and this bit of land on which the North Sea is yearly encroaching, became in time a kind of hospital to which sick folk and maternity cases were brought by the medical monks.

The small islet—called St. Cuthbert's Island—is thus described by Raine, historian of Durham, also in earlier times by no less an authority than the Venerable Bede "Remotior a

monasterio locus, refluus undique maris fluctibus cinctus," translated thus, "a place more distant from the monastery, surrounded on every side by the returning waves of the sea."

This cell or place of retreat proving too accessible, the saint repaired to the Inner Farne, and here he lived for nine years.

The picture depicts the Saxon chiefs beseeching St. Cuthbert to accept the vacant bishopric. The prayer was granted, and the recluse spent two years, not at Hexham but, by exchange, as Bishop of Lindisfarne.

To this saint was ascribed the power to work miracles, and for many centuries it was believed that during storms the wraith of the holy saint could be seen sitting amidst the storm clouds.

"On a rock by Lindisfarne  
St. Cuthbert sits and toils to frame  
The sea-borne beads that bear his name;  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
And said they might his shape behold,  
And hear his anvil sound.  
A deadened clang—a huge dim form,  
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm,  
And night were closing round."

Tradition says that the ghost of the saint manufactured beads seated on a rock and using the opposite rock as an anvil. The beach is found after storms to be strewn with small beads, and visitors to the place spend much time in searching for them. They are supposed to be the fossil remains of extinct animals of the second period called crinoides. The learned Bishop Mitchinson, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, puts it thus: "They are really links in a stem which rooted an animal of the star fish tribe to the sea bottom."

Of the sensational statements of the uncorrupt body of the saint after eleven, three hundred and eight hundred years, many historians are very explicit and convincing, lending a host of romance to the wondrous power for good exercised by so holy a man.

He breathed his last in his former retreat on the Inner Farne, as Raine graphically describes it, "a victim to his own austerities."



ST CUTHBERT BEING OFFERED THE BISHOPRIC OF HEXHAM, AFTERWARDS EXCHANGED FOR LINDISFARNE.

*(Reproduced by kind permission of Robert Spence, Esq., A.R.A.)*

### Disinterment of St. Cuthbert's Body.

THE body was on several occasions taken from its resting place and examined in order to ascertain its state. It was always found incorrupt, even in the middle of the 16th century, as will appear from the sequel.

The first disinterment, however, was not made from a motive of curiosity. The object of it was the quasi canonisation of the holy Bishop of Lindisfarne.

It was customary in the Anglo-Saxon Church to show a distinguished honour to the remains of those who had the character of great sanctity. The bodies of such holy persons were raised from their graves, and richly enshrined in the interior of the church. This was the canonisation of that time. It was always preceded by a petition to the bishop, and sanctioned with his approval.

Ten or twenty years after the death of the man, the object of their veneration, when it might be presumed that the less solid parts of the body had been reduced to ashes, the monks or clergy assembled, to perform the ceremony of his elevation. A tent was pitched over the grave. Around it stood the great body of the attendants, chanting the Psalms of David, whilst the Superior, accompanied by the more aged of the brotherhood, opened the earth, collected the bones, washed them, wrapped them carefully in silk or linen, and deposited them in a mortuary chest.

With sentiments of respect and hymns of exultation, they were then carried to the place destined to receive them, which was elevated above the pavement, and decorated with appropriate ornaments.

The holy Bishop Cuthbert had been buried in a stone coffin within the Church of Lindisfarne. After the lapse of eleven years his body, with the permission of Bishop Eadbert, was exhumed by the brethren, and placed in a wooden shrine, over the spot where it had been buried.

"After eleven years, at the suggestion of the Holy Ghost, they formed the resolution with the advice of the chief persons in the monastery and with the consent of the holy Bishop Eadbert, to raise from the tomb the remains of the bones of the holy Bishop Cuthbert, the most illustrious man of their body. As soon as they opened the tomb they found, what is wonderful to relate,

the whole body as entire as when they had first buried it eleven years before. The body was not fixed and stiff, with the skin shrunk and bearing the appearance of age and the sinews dried up, but the limbs were pliant with full vivacity in the joints. When they raised him out of the tomb they were able to bend his neck and his knees like those of a living person. All the vestments and the shoes that came in contact with his skin were undecayed. For when they took off the napkin that bound his head they found that it still contained the beauty of the original whiteness, and with the new shoes that he had worn, is to this day kept in witness thereof among the relics in our church."

### **The Second Disinterment of St. Cuthbert.**

IN the year 1093, ten years after the secular clergy had been removed from the Church of Durham to make room for the Benedictine monks, Bishop Carileph pulled down the Church that Aldhune had built A.D. 999, his reason no doubt being to make the Church suitable for his new colony of monks, and more worthy of the past glories of its parent at Lindisfarne. "William Carileph being so well content with the smallness and homeliness of that building, did pull it all down seventy six years after that Aldwine had finished it (finished in year 1020), and instead thereof did erect the magnificent and famous building which is now to be seen; Malcolm, king of the Scots, Turgot then prior of the Church, and himself laying the three first stones in the new foundation, upon July 30, as some say, or upon the 11th August as others affirm A.D. 1093. However, before pulling down the old Church, Bishop Carileph made a splendid tomb in the cloister-garth, to receive the body of St. Cuthbert, till the completion of the new Church. Fortunately there is a description of this temporary shrine.

"And there was made a fair tomb of stone in the cloister garth, a yard high from the ground, where that holy man was first brought to and laid (when he was translated out of the White Church, to be laid in the Abbey Church) and a fair, great, broad, plain stone, laid above the said tomb. Then afterwards there was a goodly, and very large, and great, thick image of stone, being the picture of that holy man S. Cuthbert, very finely and curiously pictured, and wrought in the said stone with painting and gilding, marvellous beautiful, and excellent to behold in form and fashion, as he was accustomed to say mass, with his mitre on his head and his crozier staff in his hand."

This tomb was over against the parlour door through which the monks were carried to be buried, Bishop Carileph died two years after laying this stone (1095).

Ralph Flambard favoured, and with all his might furthered, the work of the building, but before this Church was finished the body of the Saint was translated from the cloister garth to the handsome tomb prepared by the late Bishop.

Another translation took place on the completion of the new building, in the feretory prepared for it. Fortunately there exists a vast mass of information relating to this translation, and the examination of the body which accompanied it. The Bollandists gave one version. The *historica narratio, ex variis codicibus M.S.S. of the Acta Sanctorum* is as follows:—

“At the same time that many miracles were worked by him, there was a difference of opinion, both as to the place where the body of St. Cuthbert was buried and as to its incorruption. One contended that the remains had been secretly removed; others that they were still there. The brethren, however, had recourse to God in prayer, beseeching Him who is wonderful in his Saints, to show Himself wonderful by the manifestation of His great power, and giving glory to His own name to remove the doubt by indubitable signs. Nine therefore of the brethren, with Turgot, the prior, added to their number, having prepared themselves by fasting and prayer, on the evening of the 24th of August prostrated themselves before the venerated tomb, and with tears and prayers, and some degree of fear and trembling, commenced the work of opening it. When they had opened it, with the aid of instruments of iron, to their astonishment they found a chest carefully covered all over with leather (*coria*), fastened to it with iron nails. This chest from its size and weight readily showed that another coffin was in it.

“Inside they see a wooden coffin of a man’s length, and covered with a lid of the same kind, completely enclosed within a rather coarse linen cloth, of a threefold texture.

“For some time they hesitated, not knowing for certain whether it was, after all, the Saint’s coffin, or whether it contained another coffin, having in it the holy relics. At length recalling the words of Bede that the body of St. Cuthbert was found uncorrupt after having been buried for eleven years, they perceive that this is truly the Saint’s coffin.

“They fell upon the ground and prayed earnestly that the blessed Cuthbert, by his intercession, might avert the anger of an omnipotent God, if they had merited it, by any presumption on their part. Amongst the other brethren there present, there was one, a man of great constancy in Christ, who by the workings



of grace, had effectually obtained that charity which his name signified; for he was called Leofwine, which in English means a dear friend; for he was a dear friend to God, and God to him.

"He had an infirmity, and bore it with great fortitude. When the brethren hesitated to proceed further in tracing the body of the Saint he stepped forward and thus addressed them: 'What are you doing, my brethren? Why do you fear? He who has given you the desire to search, also gives us the hope of finding the object of our search.' These words restored confidence in the breasts of the brethren, and they continued their search.

"They then removed the cloth that had covered the coffin. The lid being removed, they discovered the Book of the Gospels placed upon an under lid (*supra tabulam*) near the head.

"When they had removed the linen cloth that covered the remains, they inhaled an odour of the sweetest fragrance. And lo! they find the object of their desires, the venerable body of the blessed father.

"It was lying on its right side, wholly entire (*tota sua integritate*) and flexible in its joints, and resembling rather a person asleep than one dead. They were so full of joy and amazement that they with one voice cried 'Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.' There were also the head of St. Oswald and the bones of other saints and the Venerable Bede. It was necessary to remove the body apart from the relics, and two of them—one at the head and the other at the feet—lifted it, and it was seen to bend in the middle as if it had life; a third person then supported the middle and thus they executed the necessary removal. This was on August 24th, 1104, A.D. To satisfy the Bishop, Ralph Flambard, of the state of the body, it was again opened on the following night as the Bishop could not believe that after 418 years corruption had not set in. Four days later another inspection was made to remove from the minds of persons the shadow of doubt. They thoroughly examined the body, and found it with its nerves and bones solid, and covered with soft flesh. When the devout searcher, who thoroughly tested the hands and feet, had finished, he exclaimed 'Behold, my brethren, this body lies here, lifeless indeed, but as sound and entire, as on that day on which the soul left it to wing its flight to heaven.'"

It is recorded that Osbern, the sacrist, lifting up in his hands the body of St. Cuthbert at the head raised it from the place of its repose; whilst Aldwine, taking hold of the body at the other end, raised up its holy feet.

The coffin was again opened in 1537, A.D., when he was found whole and uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as if it had only two week's growth.

Another account says "He was found whole, sound, sweet, odoriferous and flexible." It had lain uncorrupt for 840 years.

### Return to Lindisfarne.

AFTER wandering for seven long years with the bones of St. Cuthbert and other sacred relics of saints, and the jewelled and illuminated volume, containing the writings of Evangelists, written in letters of gold by Bishop Eadfrith, they came with heavy hearts and mournful mien to the shore of the mainland to return to their beloved Lindisfarne.

“O’er northern mountains, marsh and moor,  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years St. Cuthbert’s corpse they bore.”

The tide was at its height, and fear came upon the more aged pilgrims when suddenly the waves divided.

This happened in the year 1069 and the next year they resolved—on the restoration of tranquility—to convey the body to Durham, where, from time to time, it has undergone several examinations at the hands of the curious and inquisitive, on account of its alleged uncorruptibility.

“There deep in Durham’s Gothic shade,  
His relics are in secret laid;  
But none may know the place  
Save of his holiest servants three,  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
Who share that wondrous grace.”

### Other Items.

I HAVE spoken in preceding pages of the different disinterments of the body of St. Cuthbert at different lapses of years, and on these occasions, resting beside the incorrupt body, was found the head of St. Oswald, king and martyr, who was slain by the ruthless Penda, king of the Mercians.

The story is also told that his hands, or a later writer gives it as “his hand and arm,” were preserved undecayed in a silver casket in St. Peter’s Church, Bamburgh.

It is accounted for thus :—Bede tells us that St. Aidan was so much struck with the magnanimity of King Oswald, during a certain Easter festival, in ordering the viands prepared for himself to be given to some beggars outside the gates, that he

took hold of the royal hand and blessed it, saying "May this hand never grow old."

If saintly legends are to be believed, the prayer was answered.

The grave in which St. Cuthbert was buried had been disturbed between 1542—the date of closing the tomb finally—and 1827. It is said on excellent authority that in consequence of great persecution going on at one time, during the reign of Mary, there was a fear that the tomb might be disturbed, and for the ostensible object of safe keeping, the body was removed, and the place had been a profound secret, save to three individuals, who had through their successors, taken oaths as to their secrecy in the matter. It is generally believed, so tradition says, that this body would again be found life-like and pure as long as the world lasts.

The stone coffin in which, as the legend goes, St. Cuthbert floated down the stream from Melrose, when seen by the Berwick fishermen, is in the chapel on the Inner Farne (House Island).

### St. Cuthbert's Cave.

Nor far from Lowick on the mainland, by way of Hetton Hall and Holburn Grange, "St Cuthbert's Cave," or "Cuddy's Cove," as it is sometimes called, may be visited. It is a short distance from the farmhouse on the southern slope of a hill, and is said to have been one of the retreats of the saint during his absence from Lindisfarne. Rudely carved initials and other marks on the stone, of which it is composed, prove it to have been, for a long period, a place of considerable interest.

There is another cave or "cove" by this name, in the Farne Islands, facing Lindisfarne, and by some, erroneously supposed to have been the original landing place. At the north-west angle is the "Churn," this is a cavity of the rock, with a hole at the top, through which the water is forced by the sea, and produces a beautiful *jet d'eau*, particularly when the wind is from the north-east, with a heavy swell. The spray thrown up is prodigious.

From a careful examination of the Island by a friend, the writer has satisfied himself of the exact situation of the hospitium and Cuthbert's cell.

In the first place it appears certain, for many reasons, that the "Creek" at the north-east corner was never the landing-place of those who came from Holy Island to Farne. In the next place the present "Haven," if to a certain degree artificial, is still a natural harbour, and fairly well sheltered. Sometimes the water is so low that a person may walk on the dry sands, from Farne to the Wide-opens.

The situation of the hospitium is marked by the East Well, near the mouth of the Haven, and close to the water's edge, and also by the existing building, which seems to be on the exact spot of the hospitium, and rebuilt from time to time. The door is now at the east end, but the ancient doorway was at the north-west corner. The Chapel, close by, on a gentle eminence towards the north, had been allowed to fall into decay, but it was restored and roofed-in by the late Archdeacon Thorp (to whom great praise is due, for the care with which he preserved all the remains upon the Island) over 60 years ago.

The cemetery extended on both the north and south sides of the chapel. Part of the foundation wall round the cemetery may be traced.

In the year 1827 there remained in the wall running north from the east end of the chapel, the lesser half of an arch, and the corresponding pillar, that formed the entrance. The wall of the cemetery was joined on to the north end of the fort.

At the same date (1827) there were two stone coffins lying on the ground, on the south side of the chapel. About the year 1800, a stone coffin was dug up also on the south side of the chapel, at the depth of a foot and a half, containing three skeletons, and was replaced.

A visit to this Island would interest many readers of these notes, if they have not been. To see the spot where the Saint lived a solitary life for nine years, between his sojourn in the monastery and his elevation to the See of Lindisfarne, and to which he returned to die; to taste the water of which he drank, tread the ground trodden by him, and see the rock that was softened by his tears, and stand on the site of his cell, where he breathed his soul to God who gave it. Yet to him who cannot realize such a scene he would say, *procul, O procul este profani*.

It is no secret that the Saint grew corn on what now appears a barren land, for we read that he got rid of the birds that were eating his crops of barley, and of the crows who took some roofing off the guest house for their nests, by his mere prohibition.

After this one would say, "Let no one think it absurd to learn virtue from birds; for Solomon says—Go to the Ant, O sluggard, and consider her ways, and learn wisdom." (Prov. vi, 6.)

The saint occasionally relieved the monotony of his life in the company of the brethren at Lindisfarne. On the nativity of our Lord the brethren came to enjoin him to spend the day joyfully, and to cease from his meditations for a while. They persuaded him that he should have no misgiving, but spend that day, of all others, rejoicing. They were, at length, sat down to a repast, when again the Saint had misgivings, and doubted whether they were incautious, and doing things they ought not. The brethren then cited the visit of the angel, who brought the glad tidings to the shepherds. Their joy, however, was often interrupted by uncertainty, and so the day passed.

On the return of the brethren, they found that one of those left in charge at the Church, had fallen a victim to the pestilence, and the same disease increased and raged so furiously, from day to day, for months, and almost for a whole year, that the greater part of that noble assembly of spiritual fathers and brethren, were sent hurriedly into the presence of the Lord.

### **Iona (Island of Waves).**

It was to this little Island that in 563, thirteen God-fearing men steered their barque, at the head of whom was a man of giant stature—the far-famed Saint Columba, a scion of the ancient Kings of Ulster.

Here they raised huts of wood and bents and built a monastery, which for ages afterwards was the principal seat of these Culdees, the name meaning "Servants of God."

The disciples of St. Columba, says Bede, received those

things only which are contained in the writings of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, and they were taught to confirm their doctrine from such unpolluted testimony. This, undoubtedly, was the origin of the monastery of Iona—the great seat of learning in the past, the parent stem from which disciples, well instructed in religious learning, were sent forth to enlighten the people and propagate the Christian faith, and to them the tribes of Picts and Scots, Saxons and British owe mainly their conversion. From this branch sprang the monastery of Melrose, or Mailross as it was originally named, Coldingham, Jedworth on the Jed, Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, Ripon and other Christian establishments between Edwinstown (Edinburgh) and the middle of England. A charm, indeed, is imparted in reading the simple invasion—peaceful certainly—of St. Aidan to Iona, and his admittance amongst the followers of St. Columba. The story goes that the Abbot was resting, according to his custom, outside the monastery walls watching the wild sea leap and lash the rocky coast and the dark cloud rise over the Mull, a sure sign of a coming storm, he said to his followers “Brethren, this is Tuesday; to-morrow is a day of fasting, but a guest will arrive, and the fasting will, in his honour, be dispensed with.” On the morrow the storm had changed into a tempest and the waves, in fury, lashed themselves into foaming breakers around the rocky islet, until it seemed impossible for any craft, guided by human hand, to pass through them. Just as evening fell, a small boat was descried in the distance now riding the crest of some monster billow, then dipping into the trough of the sea. Nobly the occupant strove to reach the harbour, though that seemed impossible, but in spite of the tumultuous elements, he safely reached the harbour and leaped on shore. He was gladly welcomed by the fraternity.

“The stranger was a young man of comely face and gentle manners. His bright blue eyes spoke of his gentleness, while his tall and graceful figure bore a visible testimony to the nobility of his birth.”

This was St. Aidan, the first bishop of Lindisfarne.

It is recorded that the youth spent a term of forty years at Iona, and during this period he had the charge of Oswald,

as a scholar who was to become the future King of Bernicia and Deira; who, on the death of his father, King Ethelfrith, had fled for refuge northward, to the Scottish Court of "Donald the Pict." Is it, therefore, any wonder that when this prince became firmly seated on his throne, that he should summon his old friend and instructor to aid him in his work of evangelising his people? •

### **St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, Kensington.**

"WHEN active steps had been taken for the laying of the Foundation Stone on the 2nd July, 1884, it came into some hearts that it would be a desirable thing to get, if possible, for that stone, a block quarried in Lindisfarne, St. Cuthbert's Island. It was known that formerly a quarry had been worked there; but that did not much help the present want. It seemed the best course to communicate with the Vicar of Holy Island, the Rev. W. W. F. Keeling, a successor of the great Abbot of Lindisfarne. It was a happy thought, for the very inquiry roused Mr. Keeling to the utmost enthusiasm in the matter: and eventually, with the assistance of a labourer, to quarry the stone with his own hand.

"Mr. Keeling was in every way a most exceptional man and priest—he lived a happy instance of 'the right man in the right place.' Later on his personal acquaintance was made and a life discovered that was quite out of the common. He lived amongst and for his people, and seldom left them. He was their priest first, and surely few exercised his office more faithfully—but he was as well their doctor and lawyer, and always their friend. His study was a curious combination, and presented all the appearance of a dispensary. He had walked the hospitals before taking Orders, and so was no amateur in medicine. Then he made all the wills of the people of the place, and was allowed to adjust all their differences. He and a crew continually manned the lifeboat for the rescue of vessels in distress or shipwreck, and, in addition to all this, he was commissioned by the Government to make regular weather reports from his observations in such a suitable place

as Lindisfarne. He was his own Organist and Choir Master, and had always a full church *early* and *late*—the only convenient hours for Service for his people.”

The Church was never shut, not even at night. It is something to know that the Foundation Stone, which so many often look at, was secured by the kind offices of so exceptional a man, and no little satisfaction that before his death he saw and admired the Church which was indebted to him for so much. How much that was did not become known until three years later, when he told the tale to a visitor to Holy Island. His description by letter said only how he left home at 8 a.m. and returned home at 9 p.m. There was no man on the island skilled in stone getting, consequently he had to work with ordinary labourers; “but the hammering and wedging and picking have been at last successful, and I am thankful that the foundation stone has been quarried chiefly by the manual labour of the Abbot of Lindisfarne, and his blessing and prayers accompany it.”

But the further history was told later, and is interesting. When all was done the stone was hoisted into a cart for conveyance to Beal, the nearest station on the mainland. Nearly three miles of sands had to be crossed, and that at a particular stage of the tide, which later covered them to a considerable depth. When the cart had proceeded but half way it collapsed, and the precious stone and case were precipitated into the water. The tide was rapidly advancing. Would there be time to get back for another cart and then on before the water would be too deep for crossing? Mr. Keeling completely conveyed all this anxiety as he simply told the story, and described the difficulty of hoisting again the precious weight from the moist sand into which it had fallen. The task was accomplished, however, but only just in time to escape the advancing waves and catch the train that was to carry it on. Perhaps this somewhat lengthy account will not have been given in vain if it gives that foundation stone of St. Cuthbert's an interest which it has not had hitherto when people have gazed on it and its inscription—

A. M. D. G.

and considered it as only something quite ordinary.



## The Early History and Associations of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island.

BY THE REV. DR. ASTLEY.

THE history of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, as it was subsequently called, is altogether ecclesiastical, and I must therefore ask pardon for what will prove almost entirely an excursion into church history. It commences with the year A.D. 635, when St. Aidan, on the invitation of Oswald, King of Northumbria, left his other island home in Iona, and, doubtless moved by the associations of the spot, chose it for the centre of his mission work among the heathen Angles of the Northumbrian kingdom.

Nor can we wonder at the choice made by the monk from St. Columba's Isle. Uninhabited, probably, till then, the haunt only of sea-birds, and perhaps an occasional fisherman from the adjoining mainland, its very name of Lindisfarne was an attraction, meaning, as some suppose, "a place of retreat by the brook Lindis," which brook still meanders across the sands, though its course has changed from time to time, till it finds its way to the sea south of the island.\*

\*Camden's description of Lindisfarne holds good to-day, and probably was true of St. Aidan's time also:—"On the coast of Northumberland, over against the river Lindi, we see Lindisfarne, called by the Britons *Inis Medicante*, which (as Bede says) is twice isle and twice continent in one day; being encompass'd with water at every flow, and dry at every ebb. Whereupon he calls it very aptly, a semi-isle. Towards the west it is very narrow, and left wholly to the rabbits, which is joined to the east part (where it is much broader), by a very small slip of land; towards the south," he continues, "it has a small town, with a church and castle. Under the town lies a good commodious harbour, defended by a fort upon a hill to the south-east. This island, from the monks, is called Holy Island, of which Alcuin (A.D. 776) in a letter to Egelred (Ethelred, 774-779), King of Northumberland, writes thus:—'The most venerable place in Britain is left to the mercy of the Pagans; and where the Christian religion was first preached in this country, after St. Paulinus left York, there we have suffer'd its destruction to begin.'"

The western end is called the "Snook," and was at one time probably much nearer the mainland, if not attached. The eastern end beyond the town is called the "Heugh," and this was probably at one time a continuous hill with St. Cuthbert's Island. Both are formed of the same basaltic rock.

Its position, too, was an added attraction; for though it was, then as now, sufficient of an island to be safe from the intrusion of worldliness and from unwelcome visitors, it was yet not so remote as Iona, being accessible from the mainland twice in the day, by wading across the sands, as the villagers do now; and it was not very far from, and exactly opposite to, the Royal Castle of Bamborough.

Sir Walter Scott's lines recur involuntarily to the mind, and have been true through all the ages of its history, since first St. Aidan trod its soil, made sacred in after-years by the blood of his successors:—

“The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
And girdled in the Saint's domain;  
For, with the flow and ebb, its stile  
Varies from continent to isle;  
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;  
Twice every day the waves efface,  
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.”

So those who, like the writer, have seen it bathed in the sunlight, lying like a jewel set in the azure main, can well sympathise with the feeling that made St. Aidan fix upon it for his place of retreat, to which he and his companions could return when they were wearied with their mission work among the rude mountaineers of Northumbria.

But when St. Aidan, obeying the summons of Oswald, came to Lindisfarne, he came to a country in which the seeds of Christian teaching had already been planted by others, but in which they had suffered a rude shock, and had been almost uprooted by a fierce storm of heathen resentment. In order to understand the situation, we must go back a little in the history. Those who are familiar with all the details of these far-off times will pardon this backward glance, for the sake of those who have not studied, or who have forgotten, the early history of Christianity in England.

It was in the year 625 that Eadwine, the powerful King of Northumbria, asked for the hand of Ethelburga, daughter of Eadbald, King of Kent, in marriage. Kent was now a Christian kingdom, twenty-eight years having passed since the landing of St. Augustine in 597, and Eadbald refused to

accede to Eadwine's request unless his daughter was permitted the free exercise of her faith. This was granted, and in July, 625, Paulinus, one of the companions of Augustine, was consecrated missionary Bishop of Northumbria, and set out for the north, accompanied by one James, a deacon, and the young princess. The story of the meeting near York, when, in the presence of the Northumbrian thegns, Paulinus convinced Coifi, the priest of Thor, of the truth of the new religion, is so well known that I need only refer to it.

As a result, Eadwine built the first wooden church on the spot where York Minster now stands, and was baptised in 627. But the triumph of Christianity and of Paulinus was short-lived.

In 633 Eadwine was defeated and slain at Heathfield, in Northumbria, by the united armies of Penda, the ferocious and heathen King of Mercia, and of Cadwallon, the Christian King of North Wales, and for a year the whole country was laid waste by the invaders. Paulinus retired to Kent, with the widowed Queen Ethelburga, and Roman Christianity in Northumbria came to an end.

But relief was close at hand, for in the very next year Oswald, the nephew of Eadwine, ascended the throne of Northumbria, and, in re-introducing Christianity to his subjects he turned, not to the Roman mission, but to the other great branch of the Catholic Church then in these islands, viz., the Celtic, and to its chief representative, and most active missionary body, the Irish mission of St. Columba on Iona.

The reason is not far to seek. Oswald was the son of Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria, and was born in 604. In 617, Ethelfrith was slain in battle by Redwald, King of East Anglia, and the young Eadwine, who was the lawful king, but had been driven out by his uncle Ethelfrith, and had taken refuge with Redwald, was restored to the throne. Oswald and his brothers were compelled to take refuge among the northern Celts. There they were baptised, and when at the end of eighteen years, Oswald came to the throne, it was natural that he should turn to the country in which he had found refuge, and to the form of Christianity in which he had been baptised, and which he loved, to find teachers for his

people ; thus he applied to the monastery of Iona for a bishop. The brother first sent was quickly disgusted with the rude manners and half-heathen customs of the Northumbrians, and returned to announce the failure and hopelessness of his mission, without having even seen Oswald. "Was it their stubbornness or your severity?" exclaimed a monk named Aidan, and hardly were the words spoken than he was hailed as Bishop of the Northumbrians ; and, submitting to the will of his brethren, he was duly consecrated, and made his way forthwith to Oswald at his fortress city of Bamborough. It was, no doubt, from the rock-fortress of Bamborough that Aidan looked across the waves, and seeing almost at his feet the fair island that reminded him of his own island-home of Iona, resolved to fix his bishop's stool at Lindisfarne.

A beautiful story is told of Oswald : how, that being at a place on the Roman Wall, still called Oswald, he had a dream, in which he saw St. Columba in shining garments, and with greater than human majesty. He told him to be of good courage, and ended by saying : "Thou shalt reign, and thou shalt conquer." This Oswald took as a sign from heaven that he should conquer in the Christian sense, and accordingly he gave himself to the work of helping Aidan with whole-hearted zeal and devotion. He accompanied the Saint on many of his journeys ; and we are told that when Aidan would sometimes wax faint and despondent at his ill-success in mastering the Northumbrian tongue, Oswald would tell him to preach in his own Celtic language, and he would interpret for him. Bede becomes eloquent in his account of the mission work of Oswald and Aidan. Saint and King were both beautiful characters ; and it was an ill day for Northumbria when Oswald, continuing the war against the still heathen Penda, was at length slain in 642, as some suppose, at Oswestry—falling on his knees and praying, "Gracious God, have mercy on their souls !" so that it became a proverb, "God have mercy on their souls, as said King Oswald."

Bede calls Oswald emphatically "the most Christian king of the Northumbrians," and he might well be called so, as the restorer of the Christian faith among his people ; but, being of the type he had learnt in Scotland, it was very different in many important respects from the form which they had pre-

viously learnt from Paulinus. In essence the same, owning the same creeds, claiming the same Apostolic origin, but in spirit, in ideal, in practice different. The Celtic Church differed from the Roman not only in adhering to the Eastern rather than accepting the Western mode of reckoning Easter, and in minor details, such as the mode of tonsure of the clergy, but in the whole method and order of church government.

The bishops, contrary to the Roman rule, had no territorial jurisdiction, though the office was carefully maintained for the purposes of ordination and confirmation. The church founded among the heathen Irish by St. Patrick, about 425, was a missionary church, and modelled, as the best authorities allow, on the teaching he had received at the monastic establishment of St. Ninian, at *Candida Casa*, now Whithorn, in Galloway.

This same characteristic was borne back to Scotland by St. Columba in the sixth century, and the marks of this specially evolved form of church life cannot be better described than in the following words:—"It was a missionary church, not diocesan, but monastic, with an abbot, who was a presbyter, at its head."

The episcopal office was, as we have said, retained, but it had no connection with the land. It spread, not by the erection of parishes, and the care of parochial clergy, but by the reproduction of similar monasteries, the homes of those who adopted a religious life, the only school in days of war. It preferred islands for its monasteries, for safety, and, in the case of some of its members, who sought, in the language of those times, "a desert in the ocean," as hermitages where they might live and die apart from the world. (Such a hermitage may be seen on St. Cuthbert's Isle.) But these were exceptions. The idea of the Celtic monastery was that of a Christian celibate society. Its inmates regarded themselves as being, and often were, members of a family or clan, keeping the customs of their race so far as consistent with celibacy and religious discipline. Of eleven successors of St. Columba, nine were his kin.

The rule, though its confession is primitive, adapted to an infant and isolated church planted in a heathen world, did not differ greatly from that of later orders. Implicit obedience to the superior, poverty, chastity, hospitality, were the chief

precepts. The observance of Easter according to the ancient cycle, the use of the semi-circular instead of the coronal tonsure, a peculiar ritual for mass and baptism, were its chief deviations from the use of the Catholic Church as fixed by the Nicene canon, to which it gave a reluctant adhesion in the eighth century. Frequent prayer, the singing of hymns and psalms, reading and copying the scriptures, teaching children and novices, were the principal occupations of the monks, with the labour required for the provision and service of food—women being excluded. There were, however, establishments of nuns, also, and very often in the same locality. St. Bridget, Abbess of Kildare, was their foundress, and among their order may be mentioned St. Hilda, who for a short time (about 649) was at Lindisfarne, having been summoned thither by St. Aidan from France.

It was this missionary monastic Christianity that Aidan brought with him from Scotland, and with it came, as we have said, a fresh spirit and a new ideal into the English Church.

As has been stated by Wakeman in his *History of the Church of England*, to one trained in the traditions of Roman culture, like St. Augustine or Paulinus, Christianity presented itself chiefly as the *civitas Dei*, the kingdom of God set up in the world. It enlisted in its cause the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism. Its law and organisation were proofs of its title to rule. The Roman could not conceive of a church without territorial organisation, orderly government, due gradation of power. But the channels which directed the flow of energy also confined it, and checked instead of regulating that outburst of enthusiastic zeal which, regardless of consequences, and contemptuous of rule and precedent, conquers the world with splendid audacity. It was this power that the Scoto-Irish Church brought into England, when St. Aidan fixed his humble dwelling at Lindisfarne.

It was needed to infuse life and energy into the embers of Latin Christianity in the North of England, but by itself it was incomplete. It could arouse, but it could not maintain; it could win, but it could not govern. The combination of Celtic self-sacrifice and zeal with the discipline and culture of Rome was needed, before the English Church could awake to the full responsibilities of her high mission. The Celtic Church, tribal

and monastic, was wanting in the sense of unity and catholicity. The type of Christianity it produced was ascetic, saintly, personal.

Without the help of Rome, there could never have been built up in England a great organic and cultured church, able to hold its own among the storms of Christendom. Without the help of the Saints of Iona and Lindisfarne, that church would have been but a mechanism of bone and flesh, wanting the life-giving soul. Thus, while it was good that Oswald infused the enthusiasm of Celtic devotion into English Christianity, it was also well that at the Council of Whitby, in 664, the Celtic Church in England accepted the ruling and order of Rome.

But before that time Aidan was dead. His friend and patron Oswald was killed, as we have seen, in 642, and in 643 Penda even penetrated to Bamborough itself, and only failed to burn it to the ground, through a change of wind brought about—it was said—by the prayers of the Saint of Lindisfarne. In 651, Oswiu murdered the pious Oswin, the successor of Oswald, and took the throne of Northumbria, and this broke Aidan's heart. Twelve days after, he was seized by a mortal attack, in the church of Bamborough. Stretched out on the ground, covered by a sheet, with his head supported by a buttress of the church, he breathed his last in true soldier fashion, almost before his attendants realised his danger.

His was, as we have said, a beautiful character, the perfect type of ascetic Christianity. Like St. Francis of Assisi, six centuries later, he embraced holy poverty as his bride. Like him, he chose a place of retirement far from the haunts of men, for meditation and prayer, and this island of Lindisfarne, with its little church and school, and its collection of rude huts, soon equalled, in the love and veneration of the northern English, the mother-foundation of Iona itself. Like him he made his missionary journeys on foot, with his companions, throughout the length and breadth of Northumbria, disdaining the use of a horse, and beguiling the tediousness of the way with hymns and spiritual converse. In his devotion to God lies the secret of his power.

He was fortunate in finding in King Oswald a man like-minded with himself. Both had been trained in the same

school, and both combined the ascetic spirit with strenuous work. If Oswald divided his Easter meal and the silver dish on which it was served with the hungry poor clamouring at his palace gates, receiving in return the benediction of St. Aidan, and the prayer that his right arm might never grow old (*nunquam inveterescat*)—a prayer, as tradition tells, marvelously fulfilled after the battle in which he was slain—or if we hear of him gladly interpreting the sermons of St. Aidan to his thegns, he was also mindful of the dignity of his crown, and lost his life warring against the heathen Mercians.

If St. Aidan chose rather this island of Lindisfarne than the royal city of Bamborough for his home, preferring to live as a simple monk-bishop than at the court of even a saintly king, yet at the same time he was ever engaged in the work of his see, training under his own eye a school of twelve picked boys, travelling on foot over his huge and difficult diocese, preaching, teaching, confirming as opportunity served, gathering round him bands of devoted followers, until the Holy Island of Lindisfarne—as men even then began to call it—became a second Iona, and Aidan a second Columba.

Of Aidan's buildings here there is no record whatever; some small chapel or cell was probably reared by him, and this would be surrounded by the buildings of the monastery: rude huts, with rough stone foundations, laid together without mortar, the walls of unhewn logs and wood, the roofs of thatch, as we are told were the buildings of his successors, and these probably continued in much the same condition until all were destroyed by the Danes in 875.

Fifteen\* successors of St. Aidan, in unbroken line, sat on the throne of Lindisfarne. The third was Colman, who was present at the Council of Whitby in 664, which met, at the invitation of Oswiu, to try and heal the differences between the Celtic and Roman Churches. The question at issue was narrowed to the observance of Easter, and Wilfrid easily demolished the arguments of Colman, to the satisfaction of Oswiu and his court.

Colman claimed that he followed the practice handed down from St. John; Wilfrid, that his tradition was derived from

\* *Proceedings of Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle*, vol. i., new ser., p. 233. Camden says "eleven."



St. Peter, to whom had been committed the keys of the kingdom of heaven. "For my part," said Oswiu, "I shall obey the rulings of that doorkeeper of yours, lest when I come to the doors of the kingdom, I shall find no one to unbar them for me."

Both sides were equally illogical and unhistorical; but the side of Rome was the side of civilisation and progress, and the decision was pregnant with great issues, hereafter to be born from the womb of the future.

Colman, unable to change his point of view, left his See, and retired with his friends and the relics of St. Aidan, to Iona. Henceforth Lindisfarne ceased to be the first bishopric in Northumbria, and became subordinate to the primatial see of York. Colman was succeeded by Tuda, of whom nothing is known except that he succumbed within a year to the plague. After Tuda's death, the see of Lindisfarne was vacant for a time, and all Northumbria was included in the see of York; but Wilfrid, finding this too large and cumbersome, in 680 induced Egfrid, the successor of Oswiu, to consent to its being filled again, and Eata was the first of the new line of bishops.

Eata was the founder of Melrose, and it was from Melrose that St. Cuthbert came in the next reign, about 670, to be prior, and consequently, in 685, on the death of Eata, to be the greatest of the bishops of Lindisfarne, and, in after-days, the patron saint of Durham, and, as an old writer puts it, "the tutelar divinity of the North." He was consecrated by Theodore, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, and died in his lonely retreat on Farne Island, whither he had retired shortly before, in 687, after only holding the see two years. But his reputation had been previously made, and those two years were sufficient to establish his undying hold upon the sturdy hearts of northern England. The story of St. Cuthbert's life is well known, and forms one of the most interesting passages in Bede's graphic pages.

The year of his birth is uncertain, but it was in 664 that he was made prior of Melrose. Here, in the wild districts between Tweed and Forth, he carried on the same missionary labours that Aidan had performed in Northumbria, and that Wilfrid was then doing among the South Saxons. He was ever indefatigable in his journeys to hamlets distant and

difficult of access ; unsparing of himself, winning the hardened, cheering the despairing, conquering all hearts by the grace of his personality and the holiness of his life. He was everywhere recognised as a true saint ; one of those rare souls permitted from time to time to adorn the earth. These years were the happiest, if not the most useful, of St. Cuthbert's life, and it was with regret that he removed to Lindisfarne, at Eata's request, to restore it to its former discipline, from which it had somewhat fallen away in those troublous times.

The task was not an easy one, for the old monks were jealous of the new prior, and he had to win his way by the force of his life and unlimited patience and good temper. One by one his opponents melted away, discipline was restored, and the monastery once more became a pattern to the surrounding districts. Then in 676, Cuthbert, who had long felt the call to the solitary life, and had satisfied it as well as he was able, by retiring from time to time to "St. Cuthbert's Isle," thought that he might safely obey, and moved to the neighbouring but more distant island of Farne, seven miles from Holy Island, to the south-east, and two from Bamborough city, building for himself a poor hut of stone and turf,\* in which he lived for nine years, occupying his time with devotion, attending to his own simple wants, and receiving occasional visitors, whom spiritual difficulties brought to ask his counsel and prayers. Such a life was its own sermon, appealing to the hearts of his contemporaries as perhaps it would not appeal to us to-day ; and, accordingly, when in 685 the see of Lindisfarne fell vacant, all men cried out for Cuthbert. It was not, however, till the King in person, with his thegns and clergy, crossed over to Lindisfarne, and from thence, accompanied by the brethren, proceeded to the saint's cell on Farne, and on their knees begged him to bow his head to the yoke of the episcopate, that Cuthbert yielded. For two weary

\* Camden quotes Bede to this effect: "*In hoc Cuthbertus condidit civitatem suo aptam imperio, et domos in hac civitate congruas erexit. Erat enim aedificium situ penè rotundum a muro usque ad murum mensura quatuor, vel quinque, perticarum distantum. Murus ipse de foris altior longitudine stantis hominis; nam intrinsicus immanem cædendo rupum multo illum fecit altiozem, quatenus ad cohibendam oculorum, sive cogitationum lasciviam sufficeret.*" The "*civitas*" is certainly somewhat hyperbolic!

years he held the office, fulfilling its duties with an energy and zeal remarkable in a man so wasted as he had become ; but by Christmas, 686, he was back again at Farne. For a month or two he continued to receive the visits of the brethren, but refused to allow any to remain with him—as a hermit he had lived, and as a hermit he would die.

The end came in March, 687, and thenceforth the relics of St. Cuthbert were the most precious possession of Lindisfarne, until the Danes drove him forth in his coffin to find his last resting place, after many vicissitudes, in the great shrine behind the high altar in his own cathedral church at Durham.

Of the remaining history of Lindisfarne in Northumbrian days, there is little to tell. No other of its bishops were renowned like Aidan and Cuthbert ; it produced no writer like Bede ; its monks continued to live the saintly life, and to act as teachers to all the surrounding district ; but no name stands out from among the rest. As time went on, the relics of St. Cuthbert became the object of veneration, and pilgrims flocked to worship at the shrine from all the country-side and from far distant shires, and even from foreign lands, to the no small profit, doubtless, of the brethren of Lindisfarne, and no doubt also somewhat to the deterioration of their character ; for miracles began to be ascribed to the Saint, and the ascription of miracles is like the letting out of water, easy to begin, but, especially in a superstitious age, difficult to give bounds to.

As time went on troubles commenced, and the peaceful lives of the monks were harrassed by an ever-increasing dread of the all-devouring Northmen ; but in quiet times the monks found occupation for the hours not devoted to prayer and teaching, in copying out the books of Holy Scripture ; and one of the most cherished possessions of the nation, now in the British Museum, is that priceless volume, bequeathed to us by the pious labours of the monks of Lindisfarne, and known as the "Lindisfarne Gospels." The book has been often described ;\* but I may remind you that it was written here about the year 700, and is said to be the work of Eadfrith, then Bishop of Lindisfarne. The text is in very carefully formed half-uncials, differing but slightly from the same characters in Irish MSS., such as those of the *Book of Kells*,

\* Bates, *Northumberland*, p. 70.

in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and is glossed in the Northumbrian dialect by Aldred, a writer of the tenth century.

At last the storm broke. Various mutterings and rumblings were heard, of which a premonitory symptom may be discerned in Alcuin's letter to Ethelred, in 776, quoted by Camden (*v. ante*, p. 116); and then in 793 the heathen Northmen signalized the commencement of the attacks which were for nearly two hundred years to vex the coasts of Britain, by the sack of Lindisfarne, and, in the following year, of Jarrow. From this disaster the island recovered; but the Vikings waxed ever bolder and bolder, until in 868, came the great incursion which wiped out for ever the Lindisfarne of Aidan and Cuthbert, and left the island desolate for 200 years.† Beginning at York, the Danes plundered all the coast northwards, and Holy Island was again sacked. But this time the monks had fled, never to return. Hastily gathering together all valuables and relics, including the precious remains of St. Cuthbert, and the volume of the Holy Gospels, Eardulph, the last Bishop, with his flock, beat a retreat across the sands, and over the Kylvie Crags, whence, looking back, they could see their monastery and its surroundings in flames.

The story of their wanderings has been often told. Relays of clergy were appointed to keep guard over the treasures, and to offer the daily sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving. Sir Walter Scott sings to this wonderful pilgrimage in *Marmion*:—

“O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
From sea, to sea, from shore to shore,  
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.”

The poet goes on to tell how, when the Saint objected to Melrose, where he was first taken, he was borne south to

† For the dates here given I have followed the account given in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle*, vol. i. N. S., p. 233, which a consultation of the original authorities leads me to believe correct. Some modern writers make the abandonment of Holy Island and the commencement of the wanderings of St. Cuthbert's relics to commence in 793, nearly a century too soon.

Wakeman is slightly confused, but his account seems to agree with that given in the text.

Chester-le-Street, and thence to Durham. It was in 882 that the holy relics were deposited at Chester-le-Street, and for one hundred and thirteen years they remained there, and the church built for a shrine took the place of Lindisfarne as the Cathedral of Northumbria. In 995 fresh bands of Danes came over the North Sea, plundering and destroying as usual. Again the guardians of St. Cuthbert's incorruptible body felt compelled to remove him for safety, and this time they went south, first as far as Ripon. When the danger passed they returned north, and legend tells how they were stopped where Durham Cathedral stands, by the express command of the Saint of Lindisfarne himself. Here he first rested under a shrine of boughs, until in time the glorious minster rose where his bones have ever since rested. During the Middle Ages his shrine was almost as famous as that of St. Thomas at Canterbury, and innumerable pilgrims visited it. The English army rallied round the banner of St. Cuthbert at the Battle of Neville's Cross, and it was borne for the last time during the Pilgrimage of Grace. But the story of St. Cuthbert has carried us far from Lindisfarne, whose early history closes with the sack and burning by the Danes in 868.

For more than two hundred years afterwards the island was deserted; the splash of the waves in storm and calm, and the plaintive cry of the sea-bird, were the only music heard upon its shores, as in the days before St. Aidan came; until the company of Benedictine monks from Durham, in 1093, once more renewed the ancient shrine, and the voice of praise and prayer was again heard on the Holy Island of Lindisfarne.

### **Lindisfarne Priory, Northumberland.**

The splendid Priory of Lindisfarne, whose ruins are still grand in their desolation and decay, has been so often described that it is difficult to find anything new to say on the subject.

First of all, I must invite consideration of the ruins as they stand.

These consist of the remains of the church, together with the foundations and some portion of the walls of the monastic buildings, in the usual position on the south side.

Those who visited Holy Island with the Royal Archæological Institute in 1884 saw nothing beyond the church, and the great wall of the Prior's Hall, but mounds of earth and heaps of rubbish, extending to the hill which bounds the Priory enclosure on the south. During the years 1888-1890, however, extensive excavations were carried out by the liberality of the late Sir Wm. Crossman, the Lord of the Manor; and it is now possible for the visitor to see the full extent of the buildings, and to picture their original use and purpose with some degree of probability.

But before passing on to these, we must endeavour to saturate ourselves with the beauty and the grandeur of the church: untouched, except at the east end, since the days of its first Norman builders.

As they stand before the west front, and pass through the door, with its rich and characteristic ornamentation, into the nave, those who know Durham Cathedral involuntarily exclaim: "This is Durham in miniature! It breathes the same spirit; it is of the same period; the workmanship is the same in character, though the workmen may have differed."

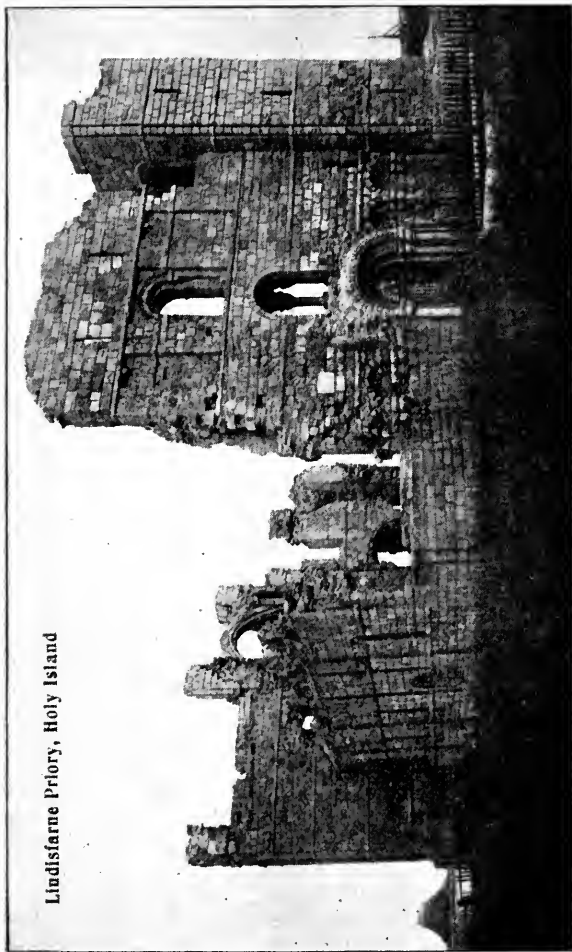
And they are right, as will be seen when we come to the history of the Priory.

But let us look once more at the fabric. How grand is the material, the fine red sandstone brought laboriously over from the neighbouring mainland, as supposed, but more probably found on the Island. How it harmonizes with its surroundings, especially when the sky is blue overhead, and the sea a deep azure beyond, and the sunshine floods the whole with a radiant light, bringing out the salient surfaces, and throwing the recesses into a deep but coloured shade! How well adapted, too, is this stone for all the purposes of Norman ornamentation!

Verily, Scott was right when he spoke of it as a "solemn, huge, and dark red pile."

The present structure is, as I have said, Norman. There are those who fancy they can see traces of the previous Saxon church in the present walls, and the custodian of the building—a most intelligent old man, and a perfect encyclopædia of all the lore connected with the Priory, of which

Lindisfarne Priory, Holy Island



LINDISFARNE PRIORY.

he is so justly proud—will point out Saxon work on the north and south walls of the chancel; but on this point I agree with the opinions expressed by Mr. Micklethwaite and Mr. Low, at the meeting of the Institute on the Island in 1884. It used to be the fashion to see evidences of Saxon work (or perhaps we ought to call it pre-Norman) in numbers of buildings, which are now, on historical and architectural grounds, rightly considered to be altogether Norman. For example, at the Gloucester Meeting of this Association, in 1846, Mr. Edward Cressy, Architect, adduced the evidence of Lindisfarne to support his contention of Saxon work in Gloucester Cathedral. His words are: “As this monastery was deserted by the monks in the year 884, when they first settled at Chester-le-Street, not removing to Durham till 995, we may infer that the earlier portions of the buildings we see at Lindisfarne were constructed previous to either of those periods” (a very large inference); “and that the columns at Durham, bearing so strong a resemblance in their special fluting, were in imitation of those forming a portion of St. Cuthbert’s Church, which had been greatly improved by Ethelwold after he became Bishop, during whose time Ceolwulf abdicated the throne of Northumberland, became a monk here, and the patron of Bede.” “Additions,” he goes on, “were made in the twelfth century, after it became a convent for Benedictine monks, which was very discernible from the earlier portion of the fabric, both in execution and design.” He proceeds to quote Sir Walter Scott’s lines in *Marmion*:—

“In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,  
 With massive arches broad and round,  
 That rose alternate row on row,  
 On ponderous columns short and low;  
     Built ere the art was known,  
 By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,  
 The arcades of an alleys walk  
     To emulate in stone,”

as showing that the great Romancist “considered the arches strictly Saxon.”

Now Durham Cathedral is strictly Norman, and the process was rather the other way about. Lindisfarne is



modelled on Durham, not Durham on Lindisfarne. Sir Walter Scott, with all his undoubted learning, is not to be taken as an authority on archæology or architecture. Moreover, we must remember that (as was everywhere the case) the first Saxon buildings were of wood, and there is no evidence that here they were ever anything else. Bede tells us, indeed, that Aidan's buildings were chiefly of mud and a few stones, and thatched with "bents," a reed which grows luxuriantly on the links; but his successor Finan made the church, after the manner of the Scots, not of stone, but of hewn oak, and he also covered it with reeds; while Eadbert, who came to the see in 688, took off the thatch and covered it, both roof and walls, with plates of lead. But these buildings were all destroyed, burnt and razed to the ground, during the great incursion of the Danes in the latter half of the ninth century, and for two hundred years the Island lay desolate. Mr. C. C. Hodges, the writer of an article in the *Builder* for June 1st, 1895 (to which I would refer all students of the subject), argues strongly in favour of the idea that there are some remains of a pre-Norman church embedded in the present choir. He says: "There can be no doubt that a stone church existed on the site between the ninth and twelfth centuries"; and further: "There seems to have been a church of some kind on the site in 1069"; and from the statements made by Reginald of Durham, who graphically relates the building of this Norman church, he concludes: "That the pre-Norman church had been built of the poor stone on the island, which is a soft white sandstone of fine grain, while the Norman church is built of the hard coarse sandstone, of a dark reddish colour, from the mainland"; and proceeds: "the lower part of the wall of the north transept, the north side of the nave in one or two places, and the lower portion of the west wall of the choir on the south side, are pieces of masonry of a totally different character from the rest of the building." These are built of the soft white stone, and the walling is coursed rubble work, the stone being long and thin, and very different from the regular square ashlar of the Norman part." He concludes: "It seems that all this inferior walling is part of a former church, and was left *in situ* when the Norman building was set out."

It must be remembered, however, that while Mr. Hodges and those who think with him, or Mr. Micklethwaite and those who think with him, may be right, Mr. Cressy and his supporters (if any are left) are in either case altogether wrong.

Rickman was the first who contended against those who, when he commenced to study architecture, classified *all* ancient English architecture having semicircular arches as Saxon; and he justly said that such a classification included all that was truly Norman. He thought the existence of real Saxon work of very early date probable, though not ascertained (see *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. xxiv., p. 360).

At the present time, perhaps, we are a little inclined to be too sceptical in the other direction, though it is almost impossible to mistake a bit of real pre-Norman walling, or an arch, or a window.

With regard, however, to Mr. Hodges' supposition that there was "a church of some kind on the site in 1069," it may be noted that Symeon of Durham's account of the ravaging of Northumbria by William the Conqueror, in 1069, implies no such inference. This writer says: "Egelwine, Prior of Durham, fled north, bearing the sacred relics of St. Cuthbert. The holy fugitives took their way towards Lindisfarne; they rested the first night at Jarrow . . . and on the fourth day, in the evening, the Bishop, with a vast concourse of people, arrived on the shore, opposite to the Holy Island, when they found the sea at high water. The severity of the winter rendered the night air intolerable to the aged and infirm, and much lamentation was heard, when, by a particular interposition, the sea retired and left a dry passage for the wanderers, who with loud thanksgivings and holy joy passed over to the island" (*Sym. Dun.*, Ed. 1732, pp. 183, 184).

This implies that there were buildings *for shelter* of some kind on the island, but not a word is said as to any church or any remains of one. I therefore hold that we see before us not a "restoration" (*Ency. Brit.*, 9th ed., vol. xii., p. 105) by the Normans, but the remains of a pure Benedictine priory of the latter half of the eleventh and early part of the twelfth century. And these ruins are all the more interesting,

because they show exactly what a Benedictine church of the twelfth century was. As Mr. Micklethwaite said: "All Benedictine churches were built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They were altered as people got more room or more ambition, till often very little of the original work was left. Here it was not so. This work was not free from alteration, but it retained its original character more than any other Benedictine church he knew."

The alteration will be mentioned presently, but we will first consider the original church as it may now be seen, thanks to the recent excavations.

It was in the year 1082, or 1083, when William Carileph was Bishop of Durham, and some portion of the stately Cathedral there was already built, that a cell of Benedictine monks set out to repossess themselves of the mother-cell at Lindisfarne, "which had been originally the episcopal See, with its adjacent village of Fenham, and the church of Norham."

From this date all charters speak of it as Holy Island, stating that it was now so called on account of the sacred blood shed there by the Danes. Ten years passed away in nursing their strength, and then, in 1093, they commenced on the very spot where the charred remains, grass-grown and almost indistinguishable, of the former structure stood, to rear the perfect building now in ruins. It was completed, dedicated, and opened about 1120.

This building was an exact example of what Mr. Prior (*History of Gothic Art*) calls "the Romanesque or Norman Benedictine Church Plan," in its simplest form. The churches of St. Etienne, at Caen, and of Jumiéges, are on an almost precisely similar plan. It consists, as may be seen, of a nave of six bays, with north and south aisles, short transepts, north and south, terminating in apsidal chapels to the east, of which the southern one remains; a long choir without aisles, also terminating in an apse, the foundations\* of which may clearly be seen as the result of the recent excavations. There was a central tower supported on two transverse arches, enriched with the dog-tooth ornament, of which one,

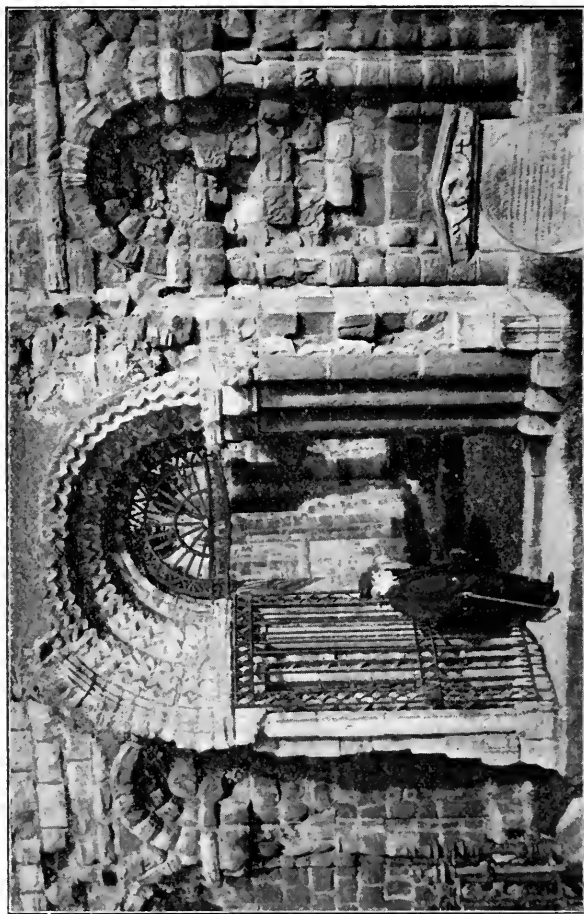
\* This is marked as belonging to the pre-Norman Church, on Mr. Hodges' plan.—*Builder*, *loc. cit.*

the beautiful (so-called) "Rainbow" arch, remains. The tower was standing as late as 1750-80, and is figured in Grose's *Antiquities*. It rose three stages above the wall-heads. The first received the roofs of the four wings of the church. The second stage was a low one, and quite plain. The next, the belfry stage, had external arcades of five numbers in each face, recessed, and with a corbel table extending the length of the recess. Above was, no doubt, another corbel table, a parapet, square angle-turrets, and a pyramidal roof. Only the two eastern piers of the northern nave arcade remain and the base of a third, but from these their character and that of the arches which sprang from them may clearly be ascertained. The piers on which the great central tower was supported are clustered with small columns, as is also the western of the two remaining piers. This shows that the nave arcade rested on piers alternately cylindrical and clustered, as at Durham. There were three pairs of cylindrical and two pairs of clustered piers in the nave when complete. The cylindrical columns, to judge from the remaining one, on which is hatched a three-fold chevron, were all ornamented with Norman detail. The columns were 5 ft. in diameter and not more than 12 ft. high, their capitals and bases being plain mouldings. The central pair of cylindrical piers had a treatment which was probably unique. This consisted of three bands of sunk and moulded lozenges in the height of the pier. Between these bands were plain mouldings of bold sections, worked round the circumference of the piers, giving them the appearance of having been turned in a lathe.

A single course of stones is all that remains of these two piers.

In fact, the nave arcades are carefully modelled on those at Durham, with some variation of detail. The building was, indeed, as we have said, a miniature Durham, its very smallness apparently adding to its beauty.

The nave terminated in a west front, characteristic of the Norman style at its best, before it had reached the almost excessive ornamentation of, let us say, Castleacre. The central portion was in six stages. The west door, composed of three above was a plain window, divided into two by a short column on the interior, and above that another plain window. It was



RUINS AND CUSTODIAN, MR. YETTS

orders, was richly ornamented with dog-tooth mouldings, but flanked by two blind arches on each side, springing from triple shafts, similar to those of the external wall-arcade at Durham, and the whole composition was completed by two flanking towers, of which that to the south alone remains, ruined at the top. The wall-space was quite plain, except for the string-courses making five stages in the height. There was a nook-shaft at each corner.

Internally the west wall shows a richly-moulded doorway, above which is an arcade of five arches, quite plain, but supported by shafts, with cushion capitals and moulded bases.

In the fifteenth century, about 1440-1450, the prevalent mania for alterations seized even the monks of Lindisfarne, and they accordingly took down the apsidal ending to their chancel, and enlarged it to about double its previous length and built the present square termination, with a large Perpendicular east window.\* But this, fortunately, was the only change effected, and this church remains, as Mr. Micklethwaite said, with that exception, the most perfect example of a Norman building to be found in our islands.

There was formerly a door on the north side opening into the sanctuary close, but this has been, at some date unknown, blocked up. On the east wall of the staircase leading to the ruins of the north tower, may be seen a curious specimen of Norman wall-sculpture, enclosed in a glass case for the sake of preservation. It represents some grotesque and nondescript animal, having a lamb's head and dragon's tail, such as may be seen elsewhere on Norman tympana. The stone seems to be in its original position, and is probably merely the outcome of the ebullient genius of some Norman artificer. Those who love to see symbolism everywhere may, perhaps, look upon it as intended to represent the Lamb, *i.e.*, Our Saviour, overcoming by the power of intelligence the brute force of the Evil One, and guarding the entrance to the sacred fane.

\* Mr. Hodges says that "the most puzzling thing about the church is to decide how the choir was built." He claims that besides the remains of the pre-Norman church, there are evidences of Norman work of two dates, of which the western part is the earlier, and that the great eastward extension was carried out in the thirteenth century.

Let us now take a survey of the conventual buildings, which the recent excavations have made singularly easy and interesting. They are to be found—as always in Benedictine, and in almost all monastic foundations—to the south of the church.

“They are extensive and peculiar,” says Mr. Hodges. No portion is of Norman date, from which he infers that the Benedictines made use of buildings of the Anglian period for something like a century and a half. I, however, contend that there were no Anglian buildings left to make use of. Anyway, new buildings seem to have been begun in the first half of the thirteenth century, and to have been in process of building, extension or alteration, almost continuously down to the Dissolution in 1537.

The battlemented walls and the barbican show that the church and buildings were all well adapted for defence, as may still be easily seen.

We will imagine ourselves visitors, royal, episcopal, or otherwise, to the Priory, and we shall find that we have to approach it by a great gateway, due south and slightly west of the church. This is flanked on the outside by the porter’s lodge, and, in later times, has been built up. On entering we find ourselves in a large courtyard, with a paved causeway, leading due north to the main entrance to the Priory, which is guarded by a portcullis. Passing through this, we have the refectory on our right hand, and the bakery, with its huge oven still plainly visible, some of the stones even reddened by the fire, the kitchen and other offices, on our left. To the north of the refectory extends the cloister, an oblong, the length east to west being half that north to south, the whole of the south side being occupied by the refectory. This room, being only occupied at meal-times, was not warmed by a fireplace, but by an open hearth in the centre towards the east. The pavement remains, blackened by fire, and the smoke must have escaped through the roof. The foundations of the inner wall of the cloister remain on all sides, but no traces of the walls, windows, or roof. Along the east side ran the chapter-house, approached by a door from the south transept. This must have been a fine chamber, with a beautiful groined roof.

Unfortunately, this has been divided into three compartments by party-walls, which may be seen, in later times, but the side-shafts, of which there were three, besides the corner columns, remain, one being embedded in one of the walls. To the south extends the *scriptorium*\* of the monastery, one of the seats in the wall being still plainly distinguishable, and the *Calidarium*, or room warmed by a stove, in which the monks could take their recreation in winter, over which was the dormitory. Beyond this was the Prior's Hall, in which guests were received, and in which two large fireplaces and one chimney remain. Beyond this again was the *Infirmarium*.

Away to the east may be seen a barbican, or watchtower, which tradition assigns as the place in which Constance of Beverley was immured, as described so graphically by Sir Walter Scott.

It will be remembered, however, that the poet, with more verisimilitude, describes the terrible scene of the last trial and condemnation of Constance and her companion as taking place in one of the dungeons of the precincts.

The beautiful lines will bear repetition :—

“Far different was the scene of woe,  
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
Council was held of life and death.  
It was more dark and lone, that vault,  
Than the worst dungeon cell;

\* It was in the *Scriptorium*, as its name implies, that the copying of the manuscripts of the Gospels, and other writings, sacred and profane, was carried on by the one or more monks among the brethren specially qualified for that work; and here the chronicler, if such there was, composed his narrative of events.

There is no record of a chronicler at Lindisfarne; but Hexham, Durham, and other northern monasteries produced, in Richard of Hexham, Symeon and Reginald of Durham, and Bede, writers qualified to compete with Florence of Worcester, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Ingulph, and many another, and even—at least, in the case of Bede—to surpass them.

It was in the much ruder *Scriptorium* attached to the Saxon monastery that the exquisite MS. of the Gospels, known as the “Lindisfarne Gospels” was written about A.D. 700, as has been already described.

This was formerly in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, but is now the property of the nation, and is in the British Museum, *Cott. Lib.* Nero D. IV.

See Tanner's *Notitia Monastica* (Ed. 1695), Preface, pp. 78, 81.



Old Ceolwulf built it, for his fault  
 In penitence to dwell,  
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.  
 This den, which chilling every sense  
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
 Was called the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light."

And then, after the poor maid's impassioned defence of herself, for her broken vows, and for her following of the perjured Marmion for three long years as his page, through her great love for him, follows the blind old Abbot's doom upon the guilty pair—

"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;  
 Sinful brother, part in peace."

There is no doubt that the punishment of immurement alive was awarded in the Middle Ages to such of the religious as broke their vows, but it is very doubtful whether such a scene as the Great Wizard of the North has conjured up was ever enacted within the walls of Lindisfarne. In any case, the dramatic sense is better satisfied by conceiving it to have occurred in such a den as the poet describes, than in a turret open to the day; and this barbican was probably never anything more than a watch-tower over the sea.

It is curious, in connection with this scene, that a stone sarcophagus was discovered during the recent exploration of the ruins. It lies with its head to the south and its feet to the north, and was found imbedded in the thickness of the wall, right against the great oven, and in close contact with a couple of drains.

Whoever was interred in such a position had evidently sinned grievously against the rule of his Order, and was buried with the utmost indignity possible to conceive.

Passing southwards from the great hall, we find ourselves once more in the courtyard of the Priory. The south wall is taken up with stables and other offices. Near the gateway is the well, and in close proximity to this is to be found the remains of the bath, now choked up and grass-grown, but the flight of steps leading down to it under an arched doorway still exist.

This is not an unusual feature, though it is not very often discoverable—a very fine one exists at Valle Crucis Abbey—but the mention of it may serve to dispel the mistaken popular notion that the monastic life was inconsistent with personal cleanliness.

Another mistaken notion will also be dispelled by the observation of another striking and interesting feature in these ruins, viz., that the monastic life fostered ignorance and was the foe of education. As a matter of fact, not only was a large part of the time of the monks taken up with study, and the copying and illuminating of manuscripts, such as that uniquely beautiful legacy bequeathed to posterity by the former Saxon monastery already referred to, the “Lindisfarne Gospels,” but they were also the educators of the people, as well as their protectors and almoners.

While the crowd of pilgrims, and travellers, and poor folk was clustering round the great gate to receive alms, and aid, and hospitality, the little ones of the locality were receiving the rudiments of learning in the monastic school; and, indeed, whatever of education there was among the people during the so-called Dark Ages was due to, and fostered by, and emanated from, the monastery. Here, running almost the whole length of the eastern wall of the courtyard, may be seen the remains of the school, with the stone bench on which the children sat to receive instruction still forming part of the wall.

Close by was the threshing-floor, with its pavement still intact, and in the south-eastern corner is a chamber with a heavily-guarded door, which may very well have served for its supposed object, the confinement of refractory brethren.

Along the west wall of the courtyard, between the gate and the main entrance, extended a block of buildings which most probably consisted of store-rooms below, with dormitories and chambers for guests above; and beyond, between the offices already mentioned, viz., the brewhouse, bakery, etc., and the southern tower of the west end of the nave of the church, are the remains of rooms and staircases, which in all probability formed the ground floor of the Prior's lodging. This would be the usual position of the Prior's apartments—as, for example, at Castleacre—and no more likely situation can be found for them here.

In the south-western corner of the chapter-house may be seen a number of tooled stones, portions of mouldings, etc., which have been found in different parts of the ruins, and have been placed there for preservation. These are only noticeable from the fact that several of them contain interesting examples of mason's marks. Among others, you will find the simple Cross, either Latin or St. Andrew's; and also the curious "double M," which is not unknown elsewhere.

Lindisfarne Priory came under the first Act, which gave to Henry VIII. all the monastic establishments of less than £200 a year. Its value at the Dissolution was only £48 18s. 11d. (Dugdale), £60 5s. 1d. (Speed); and it was, accordingly, in the year 1537 that the last Mass was said within its church, and the Prior, Thomas Sparke, accompanied by his monks, went forth to find accommodation in a world colder and more unfeeling than even their own bleak northern skies and wintry seas.

The monastery soon began to fall into ruins. It was used, with all its adjacent buildings, as "the Queene's Majestie's storehouse" (1560); and it was finally unroofed by the Earl of Dunbar, then Lord Warden of the Marches (1613). He took away the lead, the bells, and everything valuable on which he could lay hands. "The ship, with manie persons therein, was drowned and sonke into the sea, even soone after their goinge from the land; where of the wronge doers (if God shall so touch their hearts) may and will make use."

A list of the Priors of Holy Island, from A.D. 1217 to A.D. 1536, is preserved in the Dean and Chapter's Library at Durham, and an inventory of receipts and expenditure was sent annually by them to the parent monastery, the first one dating A.D. 1326, the last A.D. 1536. These inventories are full of interesting items; from them we learn that the income of the Prior would average about £200 per annum, a sum equal to about £2,000 in the present day.

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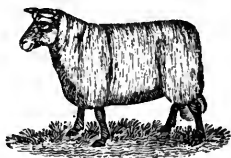
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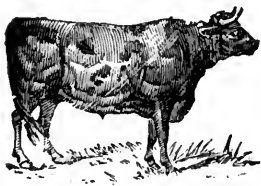
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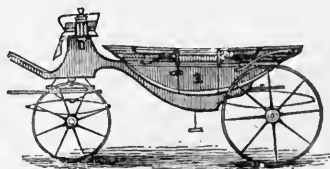
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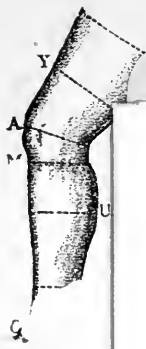
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